THE

Count of Burgundy,

A PLAY;

IN FOUR ACTS.

BY AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

POET LAUREAT AND DIRECTOR OF THE IMPERIAL THEATRE AT VIENNA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GENUINE GERMAN EDITION

BY ANNE PLUMPTRE,

TRANSLATOR OF KOTZEBUE'S NATURAL SON.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BROTHER PETER, *a Hermit at the Foot of the Alps.*
HENRY, *his Son.*
CHEVALIER CUNO VON HALLWYL.
ELIZABETH, *his Daughter.*
GERTRUDE, *formerly Nurse to Elizabeth.*
COUNT HUGO VON WERDENBERG, *Governor of Arles.*
GUIDO, *a Boy.*
MATILDA, *Countess Dowager of Burgundy, a Nun.*
CHEVALIER WALTER VON BLONAY.
BRUNO.
BENEDICT, *a Cooper.*
NICHOLAS, *his Journeyman.*
MARTIN, *a Grazier.*
BLOCK, *a Joiner.*
An OLD MAN.
A YOUNG WOMAN.
A LITTLE GIRL.

GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, PAGES, POPULACE.

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THE COUNT OF BURGUNDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A woody Country at the foot of the Swiſs Mountains.—In the Back-ground, on one ſide a Hermit's Hut, on the other a Chapel, with the Door open—the Hedge of a Garden runs between them.—In front a Turf-ſeat under an Apple-tree.*

PETER *diſcovered ſitting on the Turf-ſeat mending a baſket.*—HENRY *on the other ſide cutting Wood, and ſinging.*

HENRY.

AND the banners ſtreaming
In the air around,
And the weapons claſhing,
As the ſhrill-horns ſound.

Peter. You ſeem much pleaſed with that ſong.

Henry. Yes, father.

Peter. You ſing it with much greater pleaſure than your matins.

Henry. Much greater.

Peter. (ſmiling) Have you not fear of that being ſinful?

Henry. No, father. I cannot ſuppoſe it ſinful. Why the ſong is as great a favourite of your's as of mine.

Peter. How came you by that idea?

Henry. If you ſing a HORA your countenance is caſt down, and your eyes look melancholy; but

when you ſing the battel-ſong at Morgarten, or the ſong of victory at Sempach, your cheeks glow, and your eyes ſparkle like the tapers before the holy virgin.

Peter. You have been very obſervant.

Henry. And farther. You have a hymn about the ſword of juſtice and armour of faith, and you are more fond of ſinging that than any other hymn, becauſe of the ſword and armour being introduced,

Peter. (ſmiling) The rogue!

Henry. A ſword is a noble thing indeed—as to the armour that may well be diſpenſed with.

Peter. What do you mean, brave youth?

Henry. Was the chevalier Erlach in armour when he fought at Donnerbuhel? *(He flouriſhes his axe above his head.)* Ha! methinks I hear the bugle horns ſound!

Peter. And the Swiſs at Morgarten—they wore linen frocks.

Henry. True, father; and the fifty exiles, when they hear of the dangers of their native country——

Peter. And come and entreat only for permiſſion to ſhed their blood upon the borders——

Henry. How they roll and fling great ſtones upon the knights and lords——

Peter. Do you not remember, alſo, Rudolph von Erlach at Laupen?

Henry. How could I forget him! I ſee him now bearing the ſtandard of the town of Bern—I hear him call, "*my friends, the victory is ours!*"—— There he falls upon the enemy with a troop of choſen young men!—young men, father!—Ah, I was not among them!

Peter.

Peter. *(laying aſide his work and riſing up eagerly)* But all theſe were nothing compared with Arnold of Winkelried.

Henry. Aye, father! As at Sempach he bid defiance to the foreſt of ſpears——

Peter. And exclaimed to his companions, "*I will force you a paſſage!*"

Henry. "*Take my wife and child into your protection!*"

Peter. How he ſeized the pikes in his arms!

Henry. And ſqueezed them to his breaſt——

Peter. The confederates ruſh over his dead body:

Henry. The enemy preſſes upon the rear——

Peter. The knights are trampled to death in their armour!

Henry. There lies the ſtandard of Tyrol——

Peter. Here the banner of Auſtria——

Henry. Duke Leopold falls!——

Peter. They fly!——

Henry. Huzza! they fly!——

Peter. *(checking himſelf)* You rogue! Whither are you enticing an old man! Go, go, cut wood, and leave me to mend my baſket quietly. *(He ſits down again.)*

Henry. *(ſlinks back to his work)* I had almoſt as lief lay my bones in the charnel-houſe at Murten.

Peter. What are you muttering there, boy?

Henry. Should I meet Tell and Stauffach hereafter, and they ſhould aſk, "*Who art thou?*"—I muſt anſwer, "*A Swiſs.*"—"*And what exploit haſt thou performed worthy of a Swiſs?*"——"*Taught marmots to dance.*"

Peter. Who tells thee that thou art a Swiſs?

Henry. My heart, my thirſt for glory!

Peter. Have patience, my ſon! Your hour will come.

Henry.

Henry. A lingering hour; ſlow in its progreſs as old Gertrude herſelf. I have an earneſt wiſh to run and meet it half-way.

Peter. Look at the apples on this tree; are they ripe?

Henry. Not yet, but they will be ſoon.

Peter. Sweet fruit to thoſe who can wait for them.

Henry. Why do you fan a flame in my boſom, which can find no nouriſhment in this wilderneſs; and which, therefore, only conſumes me? Why do you tell me ſo frequently of battles and tournaments, that knights and courſers are by day and night conſtantly dancing before my eyes!—As often as I hear our old horſe neigh in the ſtable, I ſtretch forth my hand to ſeize a lance, but lay hold only on a paternoſter. As often as the watchman on the tower blows his horn, I catch at a ſword, but only wield a hatchet. I never read of any illuſtrious action, but the blood ruſhes to my heart, and the water to my eyes. I ſigh to claſp to my breaſt every brave knight whoſe name I ſee on record, and would gladly cleave the ſcull of every ſcoundrel with a battel-axe.

Peter. All this is as I wiſh.

Henry. But wherefore, and to what purpoſe is all this?—Have you inſtructed me in ſo many branches of knowledge, only ſo ſing the herdſman's ſong with our peaſants?—When a falcon is ſufficiently trained for the chace, he muſt no longer be kept in the cage.

Peter. As long as he has the hood over his eyes, he is ſtill too young to be brought into action.

Henry. Tell me—How old am I?

Peter. You are turned of eighteen years.

Henry. Look here, father, *(He cleaves a block with*

with one ſtroke. How old was the youth who aimed this ſtroke? Do you think the ſcull of an enemy is harder to cleave than the trunk of an oak?

Peter. Strength is appropriate to youth. Theſe willow rods are full of ſap and vigour; yet they are pliable. Obedience is an ornament to boys.

Henry. If you wiſh to ſlack the bow, it muſt be wetted. Give me herbs to cool my blood.

Peter. Go, try your courage among bears and wolves.

Henry. They are but petty robbers ſo long as men exiſt. Let me go to the caſtle, chevalier Cuno has long wiſhed to have me as his page.

Peter. Will you leave your old father alone in this wilderneſs?

Henry. You are a holy man; the whole country round honours the pious brother Peter: who would harm you?

Peter. Enough Henry, to be the chevalier Cuno's page would not be a proper ſituation for you.

Henry. Not a proper ſituation! And wherefore not? Is not the family of Hallwyl honourable and illuſtrious;——Who am I, then, that I ſhould be aſhamed of learning the uſe of arms under the chevalier Cuno?

Peter. Enquire not about things which time only muſt develope. Youth may be allowed to bear armour, but muſt not be entruſted with a ſecret.

Henry. Father, wherefore humble me? Am I the heir to an illuſtrious name, why withhold from me my treaſure?

Peter. To truſt it in your hands at preſent, would be eventually to deprive you of it for ever.

Henry. Riddles—continually riddles. Wherefore has the father no confidence in the ſon, that he

he has flown from the field of honour into this deſert, and exchanged the coat of mail for a hermit's cowl? Does power compel you to this?

Peter. And what if thou haſt gueſſed the cauſe?

Henry. Then give me a ſword, I will revenge your wrongs!

Peter. I thought as much. No, my ſon, revenge creeps after vice; it has only wings to overtake virtue. The wiſhed-for hour draws on.

Henry. Permit me in the mean time to travel into foreign countries, that through great atchievements I may become worthy of devoting myſelf to be your avenger.

Peter. Alas! in the midſt of worldly tumults, thou wouldſt forget thy old father and his ſolitude.

Henry. You cannot ſpeak that ſeriouſly. I love you, and the ſolitude in which I have been educated; I love the apple-tree which you planted on my ſecond birth-day, and the grave over which you ſo often weep; I love the foreſt-ſtream where we bathe in ſummer, and the garden where the vegetables have thriven under my hands. But more than all love I the young lady Elizabeth, who has grown up by my ſide like a young pine, and whoſe cheeks are tinged with the roſy glow of beauty, like the windows of her caſtle when they reflect the rays of the ſetting ſun. The old Chevalier Cuno is alſo dear to me, for Elizabeth calls him father; and often has he ſuffered me, as a boy, to play wantonly with his beard. Neither muſt old Gertrude be forgotten, whom many a time I have turned into ridicule, as a reward for the excellent rolls with which ſhe uſed to treat me. Yes, all, all, are dear,

dear, are precious to me. Far hence into the wide world leads the broad path of honour, but the footſteps of peace wind among theſe mountains. Only ſuffer one wreath of laurel to bloſſom round my temples, quickly will I return to you, and lay my trophy at Elizabeth's feet.

Peter. Attend to thy cabbages, and if thou art too warm, cool thyſelf in the foreſt-ſtream, till the hour arrive that ſhall call thee to higher cares. Who knows with what rapidity that hour may be drawing on?—but a ſhort interval, perhaps, may paſs, ere thy fate ſummon thee hence.—Poſſibly even before the leaves fall from theſe trees.——My baſket is finiſhed; thy loquacity has occaſioned thee to neglect thy work. There is ſtill abundance of employment in the garden, When thou haſt finiſhed cleaving thy wood, come thither to aſſiſt me.

SCENE II. HENRY *alone. He looks after his Father, ſhakes his Head, and continues his Work.*

Obvious enough! he has emptied the glaſs himſelf, and now has no idea of what is ſuffered by thoſe who thirſt. Reſt! It is indeed a cordial to old age, but 'tis the bane of youth. Oh that the wood in this foreſt were of a tougher nature, that greater ſtrength might be required for cleaving it, or that——*(he looks up)*——But hold! by heaven I ſee the young lady Elizabeth herſelf ſkipping down the rocks.—Ah, God knows how it is, but the moment I ſee her I am eaſy and ſatisfied. See, ſhe bounds from ledge to ledge like a chamois——old Gertrude follows ſlowly, and holds cautiouſly by every twig upon which ſhe lay her hands. Shall I play the damſel ſome trick?

trick? I am ſtill her debtor for throwing a large ſtone into the pond, and wetting me through and through.——Where ſhall I hide myſelf?——in the tree. *(He throws away his axe, and climbs up into the apple-tree.)*

SCENE III. ELIZABETH *bounds upon the Stage, and looks about very inquiſitively.* GERTRUDE *is heard panting at a diſtance, and ſoon after appears.*

Gertrude. For God's ſake, young lady!—pray don't run ſo faſt! I am quite out of breath.

Elizabeth. Reſt here, then, dear Gertrude.

Gertrude. I thought as much! I may always reſt here.——Why here in particular?

Elizabeth. It is a charming ſpot.

Gertrude. Charming! I never could find that out!——Why the towering pines ſtand ſo thick, that the bleſſed ſun can ſcarcely pierce through them.

Elizabeth. Well; and therefore it is cool.

Gertrude. Yes, truly, as the cellars in the caſtle. Do you think my blood boils in my veins like your's?——Your's is as reſtleſs as the loaches in our brook, and gives you a thouſand feet, like the wood-lice in the old vaults. You muſt have fallen down from the rocks and broke your neck a hundred times before this, if ſome good angel had not watched over you. Scarcely does the day begin to peep above the caſtle, but you are on the wing, forget your ave-maria and roſary, ſwallow your breakfaſt as if it were a bitter doſe of phyſic, and then begin teazing me and aſking, "*Gertrude, ſhall we not go and take a walk?*" "*Ah dear young lady,* ſays I, *this naſty cough*"——"*Oh the freſh air will*

do

do you good"—"*I have not ſaid my matins*"—"*You will pray more fervently under the open canopy of heaven*"——and then I am pulled by my gown, hurried, and dragged away

Elizabeth. Don't ſcold, good Gertrude!

Gertrude. And whither am I hurried? Whither am I dragged?——Always to this ſpot. Sometimes the ſtory is, "*Gertrude, ſhall we go into the garden?*" Well, ſcarcely are we there, and I perhaps am ſtooping to pick a few currants, but pop the bird is out at the little gate in a moment, ſkipping like a goat from rock to rock, bounding like a ſquirrel from tree to tree, and before one can be aware what is in the wind, 'its all the ſame, gotten to the ſame ſpot, and poor old Gertrude may call after her in vain, till ſhe is hoarſe.

Elizabeth. Have not you done ſcolding yet?

Gertrude. Tell me: do you ſuppoſe ſome treaſure lies buried here?—You are to be ſure not an everyday child——Why do you look about ſo anxiouſly? ——Why do you turn your head this way and that way like a thruſh at a cherry-tree?

Elizabeth. Don't you comprehend, wherefore I come hither?——I come to look for herbs.

Gertrude. But they thrive better on the mountains than in the valley.

Elizabeth. Why here now is Solomon's ſeal,* that grows only in the ſhade! and here's ſpeedwell and ſorrel for my father's broth.

Gertrude. Yes, indeed, and poiſonous wood-anemone; will you carry that home for your father's broth? and dandelion too, do you ſuppoſe that grows only in this ſpot?—Young lady, young lady, dandelion is a weed, and the young

* *The convallaria polygonatum* of Linnæus.

fellow that lives here is alſo a weed: but you are the ſweet marvel of Peru, and ſhould be content modeſtly to bloſſom unſeen, that both God and man may have joy in you.

Elizabeth. What do you mean by all this?

Gertrude. See there!—poor child, ſhe does not underſtand me!—But I'll ſpeak more plainly. You run after Henry, the young fellow that lives here—Do you underſtand me now?

Elizabeth. Fye! fye! Gertrude.

Gertrude. Fye, indeed! fye! ſays I—Satan lays his ſnares for innocence, but your father ſhall know it all.

Elizabeth. With all my heart—I do nothing wrong.

Gertrude. Nothing wrong! The unlucky child!—Scarcely can ſhe repeat a pſalm and ſcrawl her name, but ſhe muſt be judging what is right and what is wrong. Do you ſuppoſe that the devil always ſhows his cloven foot and dragon's tail?—By no means!—The honey that Jonathan ſucked from his rod was ſweet.—Follow my advice, young lady, I mean it kindly; don't go too near that hut.

Elizabeth. You are incomprehenſible, Gertrude; wherefore ſhould I not viſit the pious Peter?

Gertrude. Why, the pious Peter has a ſon, with whoſe piety I am not ſo well ſatisfied. The young fellow lately wanted me to ſpin on a Sunday; and during maſs, I have frequently ſurprized him taking a ſquint at you from behind his hat.

Elizabeth. He does not ſquint, he has fine large eyes.

Gertrude. So much the worſe! Would to God he were both blind and lame! But take heed, young

young lady!—if the chevalier Walter von Blonay ſhould hear——

Elizabeth. What?

Gertrude. Aye! aye! You underſtand me!

Elizabeth. My deeds and actions are open to the judgment of every one; and what do they concern the chevalier Blonay?

Gertrude. Your betrothed huſband——

Elizabeth, Oh! it is not yet come to that.

Gertrude. Yes, but by God's bleſſing it will come to that. Sir Walter is a great gentleman, has three fine caſtles——

Elizabeth. With all my heart. But the ſun ſhines equally upon cottages.

Gertrude. Gold and ſilver——

Elizabeth. Can he do more than eat till he be ſatisfied?

Gertrude. You talk like an ignorant child; but if you were once to ſee the gold buckles and chains, and the bridal jewels——

Elizabeth. Does one ſkip about more nimbly in golden chains?

Gertrude. You muſt not then ſkip about at all. You muſt walk with a ſtately air in dreſſed ſhoes—and you'll have one page to ſupport your train, and another to hold your horſe.

Elizabeth. *(peeviſhly)* Don't teaze me!

Gertrude. Patience, patience, you have not yet worn out your child's ſhoes.

Elizabeth. I tell you I am no longer a child.

Gertrude. At fifteen years old a young lady has ſtill one foot in the cradle, and often has more occaſion for leading ſtrings, than when ſhe firſt attempts to walk. Go, go home young lady. If your father returns from the chace and does not find you, he'll immediately begin to ſcold,

Elizabeth. That is not true, Gertrude! My father is good, and never ſcolds.

Gertrude. Yes, yes, he is only too good. Go, go home, methinks as this moment I here the horns.

Elizabeth. I will not go.

Gertrude. What will you do then!

Elizabeth. Stay here and reſt myſelf.

Gertrude. (peeviſhly) And look for ſpeedwell.

Elizabeth. I am tired. *(She ſits down on the turf-ſeat.)*

Gertrude. Obſtinate child! What can I do!—*(aſide)* Happily however, the fellow does not ſeem to be hereabouts at preſent, and therefore there is no danger. *(to Elizabeth)* Well, well, reſt yourſelf for God's ſake! mean time I will go into the chapel and repeat an ave-maria.

Elizabeth Do ſo, Gertrude—And pray likewiſe for me.

Gertrude. Yes, yes, there is need enough of that. 'Tis eaſier to hold an eel by the tail, than to take care of a young girl. *(She hobbles out.)*

SCENE IV. ELIZABETH, *and* HENRY *from the Tree.*

Elizabeth. (looking about) Where can he be?—Can the young ſluggard be ſtill aſleep? Shall I throw a bough of a tree into the hut? *(Henry lets an apple fall upon her from the tree)* What was that? an apple! *(ſhe takes it up and examines it.)* It is not yet ripe—*(Henry throws another upon her.)* What another! *(ſhe ſprings up.)* Is any hobgoblin playing tricks with me? *(ſhe perceives Henry.)* Oh, you little rogue! Down from the tree directly, or it ſhall fare the worſe with you! *(as Henry comes down, Elizabeth haſtily plucks graſs and flowers, with which ſhe*

ſhe fills her apron, and throws them handfull after handfull in Henry's face) That is for the firſt apple—that for the ſecond—that is for liſtening—and that for the tricks you are eternally playing me.

Henry. Elizabeth, Elizabeth; here me, or I will kiſs you!

Elizabeth. Yes, kiſs if you pleaſe! Old Gertrude is in the chapel, and if ſhe only turn her head ſhe will ſee us.

Henry. Oh, ſhe won't turn her head! *(Offers to kiſs her.)*

Elizabeth. Be quiet, or I muſt run into the chapel.

Henry. (holding her faſt) Run if you can.

Elizabeth. Henry, I am angry.

Henry. No, no, you muſt not be angry. *(ſhe lets her go.)* But why will you not kiſs me?

Elizabeth. Didn't I kiſs you lately, when the brook was ſwoln, and you helped the poor old man over the plank?

Henry. That was a long time ago.

Elizabeth. And again when you drew the little peaſant boy out of the water, did I not kiſs you?

Henry. Oh, that is ſtill longer ago than the other.

Elizabeth. And as often as you do a good action you ſhall have a kiſs.

Henry. I would gladly be always doing good. It is not my fault that little boys don't fall into the water every day, or that old men don't want more frequently to be helped over the plank. Come, then give me a kiſs.

Elizabeth. I will not.

Henry. I know why you won't.

Elizabeth. Well! and why not?

Henry. The chevalier Walter von Blonay is a noble knight —

Elizabeth. Hold your tongue!

Henry. Dreſſed ſhoes—golden buckles——

Elizabeth. Henry, I am going into the chapel.

Henry. Go, go!—Ah, you will go thither ſoon enough to be married to the chevalier Walter.

Elizabeth. Old Gertrude has put that into your head.

Henry. Is it not true?

Elizabeth. Why indeed, my father has dropped a hint of the kind.

Henry. And that hint has fallen on your heart.

Elizabeth. What concern is that of yours?

Henry. Indeed—it is no concern of mine.—I am only a poor boy—I love you, and that is all I can ſay.—When you ſhall be conducted from the caſtle to the ſound of clarinets and hautboys, riding on a ſtately prancer, richly caparisoned, eſcorted by pages and running footmen—ſuddenly the horſe will ſtart and ſnort—"*What is the matter?*" you will aſk—"*Oh nothing,*" will be the anſwer—'*only poor Henry lying in the way, who has pined himſelf to death.*"

Elizabeth. *(gently reproving him)* Fye, Henry, fye!—That is an ill-natured ſpeech.

Henry. *(ſobbing)* But ſuppoſe it ſhould prove true!

Elizabeth. Ah, you weep! Dear Henry, kiſs me!

Henry. No, no, I do not wiſh to kiſs you now! You will not give it me for love, but only to pay me for the torments I muſt ſuffer.

Elizabeth. You are a ſimpleton:—Believe me, I will not marry.

Henry. Do you promiſe me that?

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. Sooner will I be conducted to a convent, than to the chevalier Blonay's arms.

Henry. Never did my eyes behold the man, but I hate him with all my heart.

Elizabeth. For ſhame! No man ſhould hate another.

Henry. If he ſhould fall into the water——

Elizabeth. Would you not draw him out?—Look at me—

Henry. *(He is about to ſay no, but a ſtolen glance at Elizabeth repreſſes him)* Well, well, for your ſake——

Elizabeth. No, for the love of God!—To ſhow kindneſs to a friend is no exertion, but to reſcue an enemy, is paying admiſſion money to St. Peter.

Henry. Spoken like an abbot!

Elizabeth. Come, come, be chearful and good-natured. Let us look for herbs.

Henry. I muſt cut wood.

Elizabeth. I will help you.

Henry. You help me!—You can ſcarcely lift the axe.

Elizabeth. I—why I can draw the largeſt ſword which my father wears at tournaments.

Henry. Well then, try. *(he gives her the axe, ſhe aims ſeveral awkward ſtrokes, while he rapidly cleaves ſeveral blocks.)*

Elizabeth. *(fatigued)* I can make nothing of it.

Henry. I thought as much; you will cut your foot. But ſee how quickly I diſpatch my work; when you are by my ſide I ſeem as if I could cleave rocks.

Elizabeth. Have you never heard, Henry, that when the perſon we love ſhares our labour, it goes on with double ſpeed.

Henry.

Henry. No, I never heard that, but I have no doubt that it is true.

Elizabeth. Come and help me to look for herbs.

Henry. What kind of herbs?

Elizabeth. Solomon's-ſeal and ſpeedwell.

Henry. I do not know them.

Elizabeth. I will ſhew them to you. This is ſpeedwell.

Henry. Oh, it grows here in abundance. (*They both pluck eagerly.*) There is a whole handful for you.

Elizabeth. Fool!—Theſe are night ſhade and crowfoot; they are both poiſonous.

Henry. Throw away the rubbiſh and let us talk. If I ſhould be wounded in battle, then you may ſeek for herbs to make me a plaiſter.

Elizabeth. That would be very proper to be ſure—but what need I care whether you are wounded?

Henry. Indeed! Would you ſuffer me to lie without help?

Elizabeth. There is father Burkard at the monaſtery at Einſiedeln; he underſtands ſurgery.

Henry. I'll have nothing to do with Prieſts.

Elizabeth. Take a wife then.—It is the part of a true houſe-wife to nurſe her huſband.

Henry. Right, Elizabeth; and I will make you my houſe-wife.

Elizabeth. You make me your houſe-wife?—ha! ha! ha!—and how would you ſet about it?

Henry. Firſt I will travel over Italy and Germany, into Burgundy and the Valais, there will I fight valiantly, and acquire myſelf a name. Some great prince ſhall dub me a knight, and a beautiful princeſs beſtow on me the firſt trophy in a tournament. Then will I appear before your father, and

ſay,

ſay, "*Valiant knight, grant me the moſt charming lady Elizabeth to wife.*"

Elizabeth. And if my father grant your ſuit?

Henry. Then ſhall the chaplain of the caſtle be ſummoned——

Elizabeth. And ſo my conſent is not to be aſked?

Henry. You would not ſay no?

Elizabeth. Who knows!

Henry. (tenderly) Would you ſay no?

Elizabeth. Fye!—don't look ſo at me.

Henry. (ſtill more tenderly) Dear Elizabeth, would you ſay no? *(Elizabeth ſinks into his arms.)*

SCENE V. *Enter* GERTRUDE.

Gertrude. Here's fine doings, truly!—Holy Agnes! and ye bleſſed eleven thouſand virgins! graciouſly aſſiſt me!

Elizabeth. What is the matter, Gertrude?

Henry. What is the matter?

Gertrude. What is the matter!—you aſk what is the matter, you graceleſs children, after what I have ſeen!

Both. Where? What?

Gertrude. Were you not twined in each other's arms?

Henry. Well, and was that all?

Gertrude. All!—and enough too!—Heaven forbib, fellow, that there ſhould be more!—Why, you would not carry the crime further would you?

Henry. Crime!

Gertrude. While I was upon my knees at my devotions, counting my beads, here was Satan playing his tricks between you.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. Satan has not been here.

Henry. Let it paſs, good Gertrude—you know how well I love you.

Gertrude. You love me!—yes, as the wolf loves the dog that guards the ſheep.

Henry. You found us in each other's arms; is not that better than fighting and quarrelling?

Gertrude. No, it is not better!—I had rather you had ſcratched each other's eyes out—there had been leſs danger.

Elizabeth. Danger?

Gertrude. That you don't underſtand young lady—that muſt be left to my better knowledge; and, in ſhort, this very day I muſt tell your father.

Elizabeth. Do, and welcome.

Henry. Don't be ſo ill-natured, Gertrude. *(He takes up the apples which he had thrown at Elizabeth.)* Here take theſe—a couple of fine apples.

Gertrude. Get away with your naſty four crabs.

Henry. (roguiſhly) Well, well, only ſpare them a little of your age, and you and they will be ripe enough, I warrant.

Gertrude. I verily believe the fellow is making game of me!

Henry. Heaven forbid! Is it my fault that the apples are not riper?—Hold, now I think of it—*(he feels in his pocket)*—Here is a fine picture of the holy virgin, exquiſitely coloured—allow me to preſent it to you.

Gertrude. I will not accept of it—Go, young lady!

Henry. Hey! how's this!—Can this be the ſame Gertrude, of whom all the country people have often related ſo many fine things?

Gertrude. What have they told you? Hey!——

Henry.

Henry. That in your youth you were the moſt beautiful girl in all this valley——

Gertrude. Pſhaw! Nonſenſe!

Henry. That the Troubadours had compoſed many a ſonnet upon your fine black eyes——

Gertrude. Who ordered them?

Henry. That you always went by the name of the beautiful Gertrude——

Gertrude. To be ſure; God was pleaſed to favour me with a fine perſon.

Henry. That old and young, all gazed eagerly, when you were led out in the dance——

Gertrude. Yes, yes, that is true enough.

Henry. And that you were at the ſame time ſo modeſt and devout——ſo amiable and well-behaved——

Gertrude. (half aſide) Oh the little rogue!—Is it poſſible to be angry with him?

Elizabeth. (careſſing her) Come, Gertrude, be in good humour again.

Henry. Yes, dear Gertrude! be not angry with poor Henry!

Elizabeth. I am ſo happy in his company!

Henry. I love her ſo ardently.

Elizabeth. Is it a fault to be pleaſed with each other's company?

Henry. Is it a ſin to love each other ardently?

Gertrude. Children, children, you don't underſtand theſe things—out of theſe likings and lovings, Satan ſometimes makes a fine kettle of fiſh.—You may be a very good lad, Henry, but nobody knows whence you came, nor whither you may go—My young lady Elizabeth, on the contrary, is, as we all know, the daughter of a noble knight.

Henry. Aye, and my father alſo was formerly a knight,

Gertrude.

Gertrude. Thy father is the holy brother Peter; about his knighthood I know nothing: and, in ſhort, it is high time that you and this young lady ſhould be ſeparated, before any miſchief happens.

Elizabeth. What miſchief can happen?

Gertrude. Go, go home, young lady—you are always ſo mightily quick in coming hither, and ſo very ſlow in getting away again.

Elizabeth. Look there, Gertrude! There comes a pilgrim along the path through the foreſt.

Gertrude. What concern is that of your's—He does not come on a pilgrimage to you.

Elizabeth. Perhaps he returns from viſiting the holy ſepulchre.—I like to hear ſtories of foreign countries.

Gertrude. Curioſity does not become a modeſt young lady. More is often heard in a ſingle hour, than can be forgotten through a whole life.

Elizabeth. Only a moment longer, dear Gertrude!—You can have no apprehenſions from ſuch a venerable old man.

SCENE IV. *Enter* BRUNO *in a Pilgrim's Habit.*

Bruno. Glory to Jeſus Chriſt!

Gertrude. For ever and ever, amen!

Bruno. Can you inform me where brother Peter, the pious hermit, lives?

Gertrude. You are on the very ſpot.

Bruno. Thanks, thanks!—I come from the monaſtery at Einſiedeln; and as I paſſed through the neighbouring village, I heard ſuch reports of his piety and ſanctity, that I reſolved to come round this way to confeſs myſelf to the holy man.—Where ſhall I find him?

Gertrude.

Gertrude. This youth is his ſon, he will inform you.

Bruno. (earneſtly regarding Henry with a mixture of joy and ſurpriſe) His ſon! This youth his ſon? *(ardently to Henry)* Heaven bleſs you, my ſon! my eyes grow young in beholding you!

Henry. I thank you, venerable old man! but I am not ſo pious as my father.

Gertrude. No! indeed, that you are not.

Bruno. (forgetting himſelf as he contemplates Henry) The tender ſapling is ſhot up into a vigorous tree.

Henry. Have you had any prior knowledge of me?

Bruno. Perhaps I have.

Henry. You have been here before then?

Bruno. (ſignificantly) I have been often here! —*always* here.

Henry. Your features have eſcaped my recollection—but no matter!—Can I be of any ſervice to you?

Bruno. Will you ſerve me cheerfully?

Henry. Moſt cheerfully!

Bruno. On ſome future occaſion I may perchance, remind you of your promiſe: at preſent tell me, where is your father?

Henry. If you look over yonder hedge you will ſee him in his garden.

Gertrude. Go home, young lady.—I think I hear your father's hunting horn.

Elizabeth. I am going.—Farewell, Henry.

Henry. I muſt accompany you part of the way.

Gertrude. There is no occaſion for that.

Henry. Only to the place where a branch is made in the footpath, by a piece of the rock being torn off.—I will help you over it.

Gertrude. Oh I have got over it often enough without help.

Henry. The rain has made the path ſlippery; and the precipice on the right hand—No, no, indeed I cannot ſuffer you to go alone.

Gertrude. Is it not wonderful that he is ſuddenly ſo anxious, leſt I ſhould ſlip down. But I ſmoke the matter.——Well, well, for this once you may accompany us, but mind, you ſhall go no farther than the great ſtone.

Elizabeth. Farewell, holy pilgrim! and if you will viſit us at the caſtle, you ſhall be welcomed with a glaſs of our beſt wine.

Bruno. I thank you, fair lady.

Henry. You will find my father in the garden. *(He ſkips off with Elizabeth.)*

Gertrude. (to Bruno) God protect you!—Children! Children! don't run ſo faſt. *(She hobbles after them.)*

SCENE VII. BRUNO *alone.*

Bruno. Hail to thee, my native country, hail! —The luſty boy is undiſtorted both in mind and body; no puny ſickly plant, like the produce of a prince's garden, but a vigorous ſhrub full of ſap and ſtrength. Oh Burgundy! it was fortunate perhaps for thee, that he ſhould be thus trained. No prieſt has bowed his neck beneath the yoke, no lawleſs love driven the bloomy roſes from his cheeks!—But I forget the good old man amid my tranſports and ſurpriſe at beholding the youth. Long has my preſent embaſſy been wiſhed for, although it now comes ſo unexpected. *(He approaches the garden hedge.)* Is that the man?—He who delves ſo buſily in the earth?—It becomes him well—yet, ſtill better did the ſword

ſword become him—Oh, how have age and care bowed him down!—thoſe grey hairs—thoſe deep furrows in his countenance—Is it he indeed?—my heart! my throbbing heart!—Yes it is he! *(He calls)* Chevalier John von Bonſtetten?

Peter. (from the garden) Who calls there?

Bruno. Chevalier John von Bonſtetten!

Peter. Great God! who calls?

SCENE VIII. PETER *ruſhes forward in great Agitation.*

Peter. Pilgrim! who betrayed my name to thee?

Bruno. Don't you recogniſe my voice?

Peter. Is it an illuſion!—Eighteen years ago I ſhould have ſworn it was my faithful Bruno.

Bruno. (kneeling to him) 'Tis he himſelf!

Peter. (ruſhing into his arms) Welcome, welcome, friendly voice!—Oh, how ſweetly does the unaccuſtomed ſound vibrate on my ear!—Riſe, and let me preſs thee to this heart, which now beats high with youthful ardour!

Bruno. My good old maſter! *(They embrace)*

Peter. Oh, what a variegated ſucceſſion of paſt ſcenes does the ſound of thy voice recall into exiſtence!—How is this!—Where am I!—One well-known ſound has changed the events of eighteen tedious years into a dream. I ſtand again amidſt the circle of my friends—I ſee myſelf ſurrounded by brothers and ſiſters—I claſp my beloved wife in my arms——

Bruno. Where is ſhe, that I may pay my duty to her?

Peter. Ah, Bruno! ſhe is no more! long ſince theſe hands have laid her in the earth—yon hillock covers her dear remains. Eight years did

the noble Agnes help me to cheriſh, in this wilderneſs, the fading ſhadows of my hopes.

Bruno. Oh, that it had pleaſed heaven to prolong her days until the riſing of a brighter ſun.

Peter. But ſay what brings you hither?

Bruno. The precious pledge which fate entruſted to your care.—He ſtill lives?

Peter. He does live.

Bruno. Arm yourſelf then—away to Burgundy!

Peter. Is the uſurper fallen?

Bruno. He is gone, laden with curſes, to join his fathers.

Peter. Is then the time at length arrived?——

Bruno. It is, and demands your preſence. Still do the tears of his ſubjects' love daily water the grave of the murdered Count.

Peter. Rejoice, Henry! the hour is come!—Lives Matilda ſtill?

Bruno. She lives in monaſtic ſolitude, nor has her maternal heart any preſentiment of the ſtrong ties that bind her to the world.

Peter. Meſſenger of Heaven!—After long years of drought, once more haſt thou ſhed over me the bleſſed dew of hope.—Yes, I will leave thee dear wilderneſs——grave of a beloved wife, I will leave thee too!—God, I thank thee, that thou haſt prolonged my days, for the ſalvation of my native land!—Come, Bruno, let us to the chapel, there let us preſent to the Eternal the offering of a grateful heart!—and then poliſh once more the armour which, for eighteen years, has been conſigned to oblivion and ruſt.

(He takes Bruno's hand and leads him into the Chapel.)

End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Scene continues as in the First Act.*

PETER *and* BRUNO *are digging a Hole in the Earth under a Tree, and converſing as they work.*

PETER.

THUS is he uniformly;—true hearted—ardent to do good—full of energy—and thirſting inceſſantly for renown.

Bruno. Was he never ſolicitous to know your ſtory.

Peter. Oh yes! he has not been ſparing of his queſtions; but my anſwers were always enigmatical. Yet, the idea that he was only my adopted ſon, never ſeems to have occurred to him. Indeed, I love him, as if he were mine own.

Bruno. Did you not give him a ſecond life?—But for your care and kindneſs, he had ſhared the deplorable fate of his brothers.

Peter. Often has he remarked, that I ſeemed not born to lead a hermit's life—that I loved rather to tell of feats of arms, than to recount a legend. Far better is he acquainted with the hiſtory of his native country, than with that of St. Anthony, in the wilderneſs. He loves to hear of Boſo the bold, and the crafty Irmengard—Ah, little does he think how nearly related——

Bruno. Hiſt, hiſt—I hear a noiſe—if he ſhould be liſtening——

Peter. Liſtening!—Ah Bruno, you came from a court, but in this deſert we have no idea of liſtening, except to the nightingale. Henry is far enough from this place. I ſent him to the lake to angle, for I was apprehenſive leſt, by his queſtions, he might interrupt that train of ideas which I ardently wiſhed to cheriſh, while I ſhould be engaged in this employment. But hold, Bruno—do you not ſee the cheſt?—Let us deſcend and draw it out—It will be no difficult taſk. (*They lift a cheſt out of the earth.*) How labour and temperance ſtill renovate that ſtrength which age gradually exhauſts!—Troth, Bruno, eighteen years ago, I liſted the cheſt with leſs eaſe, than at this moment. Sacred depoſit! (*addreſſing the cheſt*) I behold thee once more, and thou recalleſt in vivid images to my remembrance—the laſt look which I gave thee as I conſigned thee to the earth!—My wife then ſtood beſide me—ſhe leaned againſt this tree—the tree is ſtill green—but oh!——(*He endeavours to recover himſelf.*)—Here is the key, corroded with ruſt—we ſhall open the lock more eaſily with the axe. (*After ſome efforts, Peter forces open the cheſt, he ſtarts back, lets the axe fall, turns away, ſtrikes his hand on his forehead, and burſts into tears.*)

Bruno. What is the matter, good maſter?—you weep!

Peter. Ah, Bruno!—The firſt thing that met my eyes, was my wife's diamond necklace—take it away—do you keep it! (*Bruno takes it, and is about to put it in his pocket, when Peter turns haſtily and ſnatches it from him*) No, no, I cannot bear to ſee it in other hands! (*He preſſes it eagerly to his lips.*) This necklace ſhe wore when I led her to the altar—in this necklace ſhe ſwore to me eternal faith—ſwore it in the preſence of heaven!—And

—And moſt truly did ſhe obſerve her oath—even to death! Oh my beloved, my faithful Agnes, the chain which once encompaſſed thy ſnowy neck—(*he places it in his breaſt.*)—Never—no never ſhall it be ſeparated from my heart!—(*Bruno wipes tears from his eyes.*) You are moved, good Bruno!

Bruno. I was thinking on all her paſt kindneſs to me—Twenty years ago, when I languiſhed on the bed of ſickneſs, it was to her care alone that I owed my recovery.

Peter. That was *once* only, and twenty years have ſince elapſed, yet you ſtill recollect it with tears of gratitude.—But I—I to whom ſhe was every thing!—I to whom ſhe transformed even that hut into a palace!—Oh Bruno, Bruno, what an invaluable treaſure is a virtuous wife! The lapſe of a whole century could not efface the recollection of her cares, her attentions!—But enough!—my country calls—be ſtill, my heart!—Look here—here are the ſwathes in which our Henry was wrapped, when, in my Agnes' arms, he was reſcued from the bloody ſcene!—this is the ſeal-ring of the old Count—this the drinking cup, with the arms of Burgundy engraven on it, out of which I have drank many a welcome to foreign princes and lords—There underneath lies my armour, together with my helmet and ſword; let me ſee whether I am ſtill able to wield the latter! (*He draws it from the ſcabbard and flouriſhes it over his head.*) For God and my country! Yes, this arm is not become wholly nerveleſs!

Bruno. The name of Henry will triumph over his people—the ſword will not be wanted.

Peter.

Peter. Right, Bruno! the ſon will find the path to a throne ſmooth and eaſy, when it is every where marked out by the beneficent actions of his father.

Bruno. (*looking about*) My lord, I ſee people coming down the hill.

Peter. Let us bear the cheſt into the hut—ſhould they prove the women from the caſtle, there will be no end of their queſtions.

Bruno. They ſeem to be conducting an old man between them.

Peter. Perhaps the old chevalier Cuno; a ſpirited old man, but ſomewhat loquacious.—What a torment is it to be compelled to join in diſcourſe, in which the heart takes no intereſt! Come, aſſiſt me to bear away the cheſt. (*They carry the cheſt into the hut, and exeunt.*)

SCENE II. *Enter* ELIZABETH, *and ſoon after the Chevalier* CUNO *and* GERTRUDE.

Elizabeth. (*looking after Peter and Bruno*) Methinks I ſee two men going into the hut—they carry ſomething which looks like a coffin—but Henry is not with them.

Cuno. (*ſtill behind the ſcene*) Elizabeth!

Elizabeth. Here, father!

Cuno. (*entering*) you ſkip and caper about like a young colt, which is not modeſt. You are now fifteen years old; you muſt begin to be more reſerved and circumſpect, and walk with ſober and meaſured ſteps.

Elizabeth. Why is a meaſured ſtep more modeſt than a caper?

Gertrude. To a caper, in dancing, I have no objection,

Cuno,

Cuno. You carry your head ſo high, and toſs it about ſo careleſsly, that it is in conſtant motion, like a weather-cock upon a tower.

Gertrude. And your eyes!—your eyes!—they turn hither and thither, like a flame in an eddy of wind.

Cuno. And your hands are flouriſhed about, like the ſails of a windmill.

Gertrude. And your hair hangs wild about your neck, like the branches of a pine-tree.

Elizabeth. One tutors me this way, another that ——how am I to know at laſt when I am right!

Cuno. A diſcreet young woman muſt not run up and down like a hoyden, but walk demurely.

Gertrude. Muſt not look people boldly in the face, but caſt her eyes down baſhfully.

Cuno. Her hands muſt be croſſed modeſtly before her.

Gertrude. Her hair, nicely curled, muſt lie cloſe to her neck.

Elizabeth. (*impatiently*) Gertrude, get yourſelf an image carved out of wood.

Gertrude. Naughty girl!—Am *I* carved out of wood? Many a good time, in my youth, on gala-days, have I carried myſelf ſo ſtiff, and with ſuch a dignified deportment, that you muſt have held a feather to my mouth, to know whether I even breathed.

Elizabeth. Gala-days are not holidays—Look at the red-breaſt in the buſh, how it hops and twitters; a magpie is chattering above, but it does not heed it;—is it not true, father?—But, father, you ſeem very warm. (*She wipes the ſweat from Cuno's forehead, and careſſes him.*)

Cuno. Have I not been obliged to pant after you down the hill?

Gertrude

Gertrude. That's always the way with her ſhe leaves a part of her clothes on every thornbuſh ſhe comes near.

Cuno. I cannot underſtand why you have dragged me out from my eaſy-chair.

Elizabeth. Gertrude would not go with me, and I am not allowed to go alone.

Gertrude. Alone, indeed!—When the bee leaves the hive, a hundred ſwallows are after her in a moment, to ſnap her up.

Elizabeth. (*drawing Cuno under the apple tree*) Sit down here, father, lean againſt the tree: I will bend down ſome of the branches, that the ſun may not incommode you.—Is it not pleaſanter being here, than in the cold vaulted rooms of the caſtle, in an old leather eaſy-chair?—While you reſt, father, I will go and gather herbs for a ſallad. (*She ſkips out.*)

SCENE III. *Chevalier* CUNO *and* GERTRUDE.

Gertrude. Lady Elizabeth, whither art thou running?

Cuno. Let her run.

Gertrude. What! alone?

Cuno. Children will be children, Gertrude—We were once young ourſelves.

Gertrude. But ſhe is not a child now.

Cuno. Poſſibly: yet ſhe ſtill thinks herſelf ſo.

Gertrude. She runs to her deſtruction.

Cuno. Where can be the danger in theſe few ſteps?

Gertrude. One falſe ſtep may bring on a fall.

Cuno. But there is little danger of falling here in the valley.

Gertrude. Juſt the contrary! There is greater danger in this valley, than on the hill. Moſt noble

ble knight, have you never remarked any thing?

Cuno. Remarked what?

Gertrude. Nothing about the hermit Peter's rogue of a ſon?

Cuno. Well what of him?

Gertrude. Why, that ſhe is very fond of his company.

Cuno. Hey! how?—Has ſhe confided that to you?

Gertrude. Confided!—no!—Young ladies are not apt to confide ſuch things. Perhaps ſhe hardly knows it herſelf.

Cuno. How came it, then, to your knowledge?

Gertrude. Why, noble knight, I muſt inform you, that Lady Elizabeth has quite forgotten how to ſit ſtill; ſhe's never eaſy but when ſhe's gadding about.

Cuno. Well, if it be nothing more than that——

Gertrude. Yes; but what occaſion has ſhe to be gadding to this place?—The caſtle commands an extenſive and uninterrupted proſpect:—towards the north is the beautiful grove: but thither ſhe will not go—on the ſouth, lies the charming ſlope down to the lake; but that won't do neither—to the weſt is the verdant hill, where the great limes ſtands; but ſhe likes that ſpot no better than the reſt——

Cuno. Well, then, whither does ſhe go?

Gertrude. Why, always eaſtwards, where the rocks are the moſt rugged, and her neck is in danger at every ſtep ſhe takes—always to this valley, where one's ſhoes are ſticking in a bog continually, and the ſun can ſcarcely dry up the dews, even at mid-day.

Cuno. Humph! Humph!

Gertrude. In the morning when ſhe wakes Henry is always the firſt word in her mouth: and

at

at night, when ſhe lies down, Henry is ſure to be the laſt.

Cuno. (*ſhaking his head*) Humph! Humph!

Gertrude. If I happen to cook ſome nice ſoup, or if any game is brought to the houſe, then the ſtory is always, Gertrude, we'll ſave a few ſpoonfuls, or a little bit, for poor Henry.

Cuno. Humph! Humph!

Gertrude. And the other day, when the monks at the monaſtery, where your honour's brother is abbot, ſent that delicious Italian wine, there had ſhe a bottle of it hid up behind her bed.—"For whom is this, young lady?" ſays I—ſhe would not tell, but for whom ſhould it be, except for this Henry.

Cuno. Indeed; this is enough to create alarm.

Gertrude. When he gives her a noſegay, if it be nothing but daiſies, it is never out of her boſom, till it is quite withered.—Then the wicked young fellow muſt be carving her name, forſooth on the bark of every tree—and—it muſt all come out—this very morning the graceleſs children—I declare I am almoſt aſhamed to tell it——

Cuno. Well!—what can they have done?

Gertrude. Done—why—I proteſt it makes me tremble to think of it——

Cuno. Out with it at once.

Gertrude. (*croſſing herſelf and fetching a deep ſigh*) They kiſſed each other.

Cuno. Kiſſed! hey! how!—That was rather too much.

Gertrude. If the chevalier Walter von Blonay ſhould hear of it.——

Cuno. Aye, indeed—She might then die an old-maid for him!—and with juſtice too!

Gertrude.

Gertrude. My advice would be, to lock her up faſt in her room.

Cuno. With her needle——

Gertrude. And her ſpinning-wheel——

Cano. And a holy legend——

Gertrude. And a prayer-book——

Cuno. What can the impertinent fellow mean! —He is not even of noble birth. Not long ſince I thought of taking him into my caſtle as a page, for I was pleaſed with his ſpirited, open manners, I ſuſpected his father to be ſome knight in diſguiſe, whom adverſe fortune had compelled to ſeek refuge in this ſolitude; and I thought it would be a work of Chriſtian charity, to give the boy a knight's education. But when I ſounded the father upon the ſubject, and queſtioned him about his former life, I could plainly perceive, by his anſwers, that he is only of common deſcent, and bears not an open helmet* in his arms.

Gertrude. Henry is, indeed, a good boy; I cannot ſay any thing to the contrary.

Cuno. That may be very true, Gertrude; but he muſt leave my girl alone. I will ſpeak to brother Peter upon the ſubject; he is pious and prudent, and will counſel me impartially.

Gertrude. Here comes the old man.

Cuno. Leave us together—go and look for Elizabeth, and do not loſe ſight of her.

Gertrude. Sight of her!—My eyes, to be ſure, are ſound enough; but how can my legs ever keep up with her. [*Exit.*

* An open helmet was the diſtinction of knighthood. T.

SCENE IV. PETER *and* CUNO.

Cuno. God preſerve you, holy man!

Peter. Thank you, noble knight.

Cuno. I wiſh to ſpeak a word with you in confidence.

Peter. And welcome!

Cuno. You have a lively, ſpirited boy——

Peter. Nay, almoſt a man.

Cuno. Yes, I obſerve ſo, indeed!

Peter. And he feels it.

Cuno. Somewhat too ſoon.

Peter. How ſo?

Cuno. He runs after my Elizabeth.

Peter. You joke, chevalier.

Cuno. The devil, no. The honour of a knight, and the virtue of a woman, are things with which Cuno von Hallwyl does not joke.

Peter. How came you to entertain ſuch a ſuppoſition?

Cuno. He purſues her wherever ſhe goes, and they are never happy but in each other's company.

Peter. This proceeds from childiſh innocence.

Cuno. They toy, they play together.

Peter. So do all children.

Cuno. But they kiſs—is that, too, one of your *childiſh* tricks?

Peter. No; I cannot ſay that.

Cuno. Conſequently——

Peter. Are you certain of this?

Cuno. Gertrude ſaw it with her own eyes.

Peter. They have no meaning in it.

Cuno. No meaning!—Why, zounds, holy brother, are you ſo advanced in years, and have yet

yet to learn the meaning of a kiſs?—If you have been all your life chaſte and modeſt, ſo much the better for you; but do not take it amiſs, if I obſerve, that the young fellow does not ſeem inclined to walk in your ſteps.

Peter. I only meant——

Cuno. Be ſo good as to hear what I mean.—I mean that, when fire and tow come in contact, a bright flame is produced. For this reaſon, I requeſt you to ſend the lad away, and the ſooner the better: there is a war carrying on in Italy; he can ſerve in the Milaneſe army as a foot-ſoldier.

Peter. (*ſmiling*) My Henry a foot-ſoldier.

Cuno. Why not?—He is not a Nobleman. Better were it that he ſhould wound the enemy, than the heart of an old father, who has no other treaſure or joy on earth, but his daughter.

Peter. Be ſatisfied, noble knight!—Henry ſhall not wound you. This very day we quit our beloved valley for ever.

Cuno. No, no, don't ſay ſo!—I did not mean that!

Peter. Without this occurrence we had departed—Though grateful for your hoſpitality, we muſt, nevertheleſs, leave you.

Cuno. Do you ſpeak ſeriouſly?

Peter. We follow whither our fate calls us.

Cuno. Indeed, holy brother, you announce evil tidings. Your preſence has brought a bleſſing upon my houſe, and I ſhall part with you reluctantly. But what can call you ſo ſuddenly from this calm retreat?---Have any of my vaſals offended you; tell me, and he ſhall ſmart for it.

Peter. No, my lord. To your goodneſs alone I am indebted, that the bleſſed balm of peace hath ſoothed my ſorrows for eighteen years. Was any thing wanting to me, I received inſtant aſſiſtance from your hands—that I can never forget. In particular, when my poor wife was attacked with a lingering ſickneſs, your kitchen, your cellar, were open to me—day and night were you yourſelf at her bed-ſide; her couch was moiſtened with your tears—your tears flowed over her grave—Oh, the recollection will live for ever in my breaſt.

Cuno. You melt me, holy brother!—Ah, you know well that I am poor myſelf, elſe I had willingly done much more.

Peter. My obligations to you are the greater. A morſel of bread, given with warmth of heart, is a treaſure, which the rich man ſeeks in vain in his ſilver cheſt. By heaven! your kindneſs ſhall not continue unrewarded!

Cuno. You have repaid me a hundred-fold with pious prayers and wholeſome counſel. But, remain here, Peter.—We are both advanced in years, why would you leave me? An old tree cannot root itſelf again, if tranſplanted into a foreign ſoil. Friends, long accuſtomed to each other, ſhould not ſeparate in their declining years, ſince it is no eaſy matter to attach themſelves to new connections. If you no longer like this valley, come and live with me in the caſtle.

Peter. 'Tis impoſſible!—I muſt depart.

Cuno. Have you enemies who purſue you?—In the caſtle you will be ſafe.

Peter. Oh, chevalier!—The grave of my Agnes would chain me to this ſpot, even more firmly than your entreaties!—But here I muſt not ſtay.

ſtay.—Love and duty!—Ah, my lord, ſoon will you learn the circumſtances which alone could have power to draw me again into the tumults of the world.

Cuno. Well, heaven be your guide. You are a wiſe and experienced man; you know beſt what is your duty. When do you leave us?

Peter. This very hour.

Cuno. So ſoon! I could have wiſhed to furniſh you previouſly with ſome neceſſaries for your journey. I have this morning killed a fat deer—ſuffer it to be roaſted for you.

Peter. I thank you; but we have need of little.

SCENE V. *Enter* HENRY *with ſome fiſh.*

Henry. Father the ſun ſhines ſo very bright to day, that the fiſh will not bite.—God ſave you, my lord!—Is the lady Elizabeth with you?

Cuno. Perhaps ſhe is.

Henry. Where? where is ſhe?——There, father, take the fiſh, I muſt go.

Peter. Stop! I have ſomething to ſay to you.

Henry. Is it in haſte?

Peter. Extremely ſo!

Henry. Speak, then!

Cuno. I will not interrupt you. Holy brother, farewel till we meet again. You will not leave my domains, without our drinking a glaſs to your good journey.

Peter. Every moment of delay were treaſon againſt my native country.

Cuno. Go, then, and God be your protector!——It grieves me much to loſe you!—When at a diſtance, forget me not in your prayers——Farewel!

wel!——but no!——we will not ſeparate yet; I will ſeek my Elizabeth, and then return.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. PETER *and* HENRY.

Henry. What! was he talking about ſeparation, and a glaſs to our good journey?

Peter. We muſt depart.

Henry. (*fixes his eyes upon him earneſtly*) Father—

Peter. Well!

Henry. What has happened?

Peter. Your wiſhes are accompliſhed.

Henry. What wiſhes?

Peter. You wiſhed to depart hence, and ſee the world.

Henry. And I am to do ſo?

Peter. This very day!

Henry. You jeſt, father.

Peter. I ſpeak moſt ſeriouſly. The pilgrim hath brought me tidings——

Henry. Of what?——let me hear.

Peter. Commotions have ariſen in my native country; which requires the aid of my arm.

Henry. Your native country!——I am aſhamed that I muſt aſk, which is your native country?

Peter. We are going thither.

Henry. (*with encreaſing uneaſineſs*) Indeed!——But, father—— during our abſence who will take care of our houſe and garden?

Peter. We ſhall have no longer need of them.

Henry. The hut will fall into decay—and the garden will be over-run with weeds.

Peter. You ſay true!

Henry.

Henry. Were it not better that I ſhould remain behind, and keep all things in order?

Peter. How!—would you ſuffer me to depart alone?

Henry. I am ſo very young—your countrymen will have no confidence in me.

Peter. But I—I ſhall have occaſion for a ſpirited youth, who may fight by my ſide in battle, and learn of me to conquer or die.

Henry. To die!

Peter. Why not!—To learn to die, is the grand purpoſe for which we were born; and dying, we aſſume the office of inſtructors to each other. The feebleſt old man becomes, in death, the tutor of the moſt vigorous youth.

Henry. You ſhall not fall. (*Laying his hand on his breaſt*) This ſhall be your ſhield.

Peter. Right, my ſon—you ſee that I was right, when I ſaid I could not do without you.

Henry. Oh, no, I muſt go with you.—But ——when ſhall we return?

Peter. Never!

Henry. Never!—Surely you cannot mean ſo?—The commotions cannot laſt for ever. We will fight valiantly till the approach of winter; then return and reſt from our fatigues, under our humble roof.

Peter. Henry, what do theſe words import?—I do not underſtand you!—But this very morning, every hour you ſpent here, ſeemed irkſome to you—only this morning you importunately required permiſſion to wander abroad; and now I meet your wiſhes halfway, you conſider your obedience to me a mighty ſacrifice.

Henry. Father, I ſcarcely know myſelf what I mean——I cannot account for my own feelings.

But

But you are wiſe and experienced—explain to me, if you can, how it is, that one moment the boundleſs univerſe ſeems too narrow for my deſires, and the next, I would not exchange this hut for the imperial throne of Perſia.

Peter. Habit———

Henry. Be it what it will, you muſt promiſe me a ſpeedy return, or I ſhall not be able to ſurvive the ſtroke.

Peter. I cannot make promiſes.

Henry. You are my kind, my honoured father—gladly would I obey you—moſt gladly—but—I muſt confeſs freely——the lady Elizabeth is much too dear to me——

Peter. What concern is the lady Elizabeth of your's?

Henry. A moſt important one.—She has—I know not how—twined herſelf round my heart—. Wherever I am, there is ſhe ſtill preſent with me—whitherſoever I go, her form ſtill hovers before my eyes. In the foreſt, ſhe lurks behind every tree—in the hut, I ſee her in every corner. I lay me down to ſleep, ſhe ſits by my bedſide—I awake, and find her ſtill watching there.

Peter. Diſtance will remove theſe fancies.

Henry. Ah, If I were already at a diſtance—but—do not be angry with me, father——I cannot go!

Peter. Henry, when I tell you that there is a perſon living, to whom nature has given much ſtronger claims upon you, than this girl can urge—when I tell you that you have a mother———

Henry. A mother!——does not yon earth then cover her remains?

Peter. My Agnes was only the preſerver, not the author, of your exiſtence. Agnes was the faithful

faithful guardian of your childhood: but she who gave you birth ſtill lives.

Henry. Still lives!—Who am I, then?—Did you divorce my mother, and take another wife, or are you not my father?

Peter. If care and love might give me a juſt claim to that title!

Henry. Otherwiſe not?

Peter. Otherwiſe not!

Henry. Oh, heavens! you rob me of a father whom I love, to give me a mother whom I know not!

Peter. Haſten to her arms.

Henry. I have no inclination—no wiſh to ſeek an unknown mother!—Oh, for the love of heaven, continue to be ſtill my kind father!—I have been ſo long accuſtomed to call you by that name, to love you with filial affection—and can I now ſurrender my whole heart into foreign hands!

Peter. Into a mother's hands!

Henry. That may ſound well, but—(*pointing to his heart*) it is not anſwered reſponſively here. My mother I have never ſeen—never by affection's ties has ſhe chained my ſoul to her's!—Can ſhe, then, urge any claim upon me, half ſo forcible as your's?

Peter. The rights of nature——

Henry. Nature! nature!—Ah, I know not what that means!—Did you enter into any compact with Nature, to gain my heart?—Can I love any mother more than I love you?—more than I love Elizabeth?—Good heavens! am I in one hapleſs moment become an orphan!——No, no, you are ſtill my father——in compaſſion let me think ſo, or the next ſtream muſt end my cares.

Peter.

Peter. Be comforted, I will remain your father as long as you ſhall wiſh to conſider me in that light.

Henry. That ſhall be to the lateſt period of my life!—as long as one drop of blood———

Peter. Well, then, the father may *command* obedience from the ſon:—make yourſelf ready therefore to depart. Before the ſun ſhall ſink behind the hills, we muſt quit this valley.

Henry. Without bidding Elizabeth farewel?

Peter. You have confirmed me in my paternal rights—we have not a moment to loſe—ſoon ſhall you know all. [*Exit* PETER *into the Hut.*

SCENE VII. HENRY *alone.*

How is this?—But this very moment every thing ſeemed to ſmile around me—and in an inſtant all is enveloped in the thickeſt darkneſs!—The rocks appear more lofty than before; the valley ſeems more confined, and the tow'ring pines ſpread around a too extended ſhade!—My heart is overpowered—tears only can relieve it!——(*Weeps*). A mother!——what does that imply?——Who will tell me what it implies?——I have no deſire for it myſelf.——And why muſt I go to her?—— Why cannot ſhe come to me?——Would ſhe tear me from Elizabeth?—that is not the way to gain my heart—Ah, no!—indeed it is not! (*He remains fixed in deep muſing.*)

SCENE

SCENE VIII. ELIZABETH *ſteals in with a wreath of Flowers in her Hand; ſuddenly ſhe ſnatches off* HENRY's *Hat, and puts the wreath on his Head.*

Henry. Ah, Elizabeth! dear Elizabeth!

Elizabeth. (*putting on Henry's hat*) Don't I look like a boy?

Henry. You can be ſportive ſtill, while I am half dead.

Elizabeth. You half dead!——let me examine you, and ſee how a man looks in that condition. Ruddy cheeks——bright eyes——

Henry. Full of tears.

Elizabeth. Tears!—Good heavens, it is really ſo!——Henry, are you ill?

Henry. Would I were ill!

Elizabeth. For ſhame!——how can you utter ſuch an odious wiſh?

Henry. Ah, 'tis ſad indeed, when one is driven to ſuch a wiſh. But would to God I were ill! for then my father muſt leave me behind.

Elizabeth. What ſay you?——Tell me quickly, before the old people fetch me away.

Henry. I!——Ah, Elizabeth!——(*he takes the wreath from his head*) this wreath will grace my funeral obſequies.

Elizabeth. For heaven's ſake do not talk in this ſtrain!——You torture me!

Henry. I muſt depart.

Elizabeth. Whither?

Henry. Hence, into the wide world.

Elizabeth. For what purpoſe?

Henry. To fight——to ſlay men.

Elizabeth. What have they done to you?

Henry.

Henry. To me, nothing——nothing at all——for me they might all live till the day of judgment.

Elizabeth. Then let them live, and ſtay here with us.

Henry. That I muſt not do.

Elizabeth. But you will ſoon return.

Henry. That is worſe than all—I muſt return no more——Elizabeth, I muſt ſee you no more.

Elizabeth. Not ſee me more! Then I ſhall never ſee you again?

Henry. Ah! the thought breaks my heart!

Elizabeth. Dear Henry! you make me miſerable! Do not weep——look at me——let us talk coolly——who will forbid your ſeeing me again?

Henry. My father!——Yet——not my father——

Elizabeth. Do you talk in your ſleep?

Henry. He left me but now—Even now confided to me that I am not his ſon.

Elizabeth. Heaven forbid!——But, Henry, you muſt ſtill have a father——

Henry. That is wholly indifferent to me. If Peter is not to be my father, I want not any other.

Elizabeth. Why not! There are many other good fathers in the world. Mine for example—if he would adopt you as my brother——oh, that were happineſs!——

Henry. Happineſs!—No, no!—that were no happineſs to me; for a ſiſter may not marry a brother.

Elizabeth. Would you, indeed, marry me?

Henry. Indeed I would——ſo dearly do I love you——much more than you love me.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. That can never be true.

Henry. Indeed but it is true!—Look at me; my eyes are full of tears, my heart is full of ſorrow;—but you are ſtill cheerful.

Elizabeth. Ah, Henry, I think if you really loved me ſo dearly—ſo very dearly, you would ſoon return.

Henry. If it were in my power.

Elizabeth. Who ſhould prevent you?

Henry. My mother!

Elizabeth. Who is your mother?

Henry. I know not!—She is a mother whom I have never ſeen.

Elizabeth. But certainly a good woman, ſince ſhe is your mother. Be comforted, Henry, there is my hand—I will be your wife—your's, be aſſured—and your's alone.

Henry. Do you promiſe me this?

Elizabeth. I do, and moſt ſolemnly!

Henry. But ſwear it.

Elizabeth. How ſhall I ſwear?

Henry. By thy patron-ſaint.

Elizabeth. I ſwear, then, by St. Agatha!

Henry. Then you will never marry the chevalier Walter von Blonay.

Elizabeth. Never!

Henry. You will wait till you hear tidings of your poor Henry?

Elizabeth. Certainly! Come, then, once more be cheerful.

Henry. Oh, this is kind——this is generous in the extreme!——But how can I be cheerful?—Are we not to part?———

Elizabeth. When?

Henry. Immediately! Before ſun-ſet, my father ſays we muſt leave this valley.

Elizabeth. What do you ſay!——part!——Ah, how ſhall we part?

Henry. You will give me your hand—I ſhall preſs it tenderly—you will look at me ſorrowfully—I ſhall weep—you will ſay, farewel—I alſo ſhall ſay, farewel—then one will go this way—the other that.

Elizabeth. Ah, Henry, this is hard!

Henry. It is hard!

Elizabeth. Yet, ſtay with me!

Henry. If you condeſcend to entreaties——

Elizabeth. Henry, ſtay with me!

Henry. Oh, if you urge me ſo!——(*haſtily reſolving*) Elizabeth, I remain here.

SCENE IX. *Enter* PETER.

Henry. Father, I cannot go with you!—Elizabeth loves me—ſhe entreats—ſhe weeps—I am irreſolute—and—in ſhort—I cannot go with you.

Peter. Then I muſt tell your mother that ſhe has borne a graceleſs ſon.

Henry. Say what you pleaſe. He who bears this ſainted image in his heart, cannot be graceleſs.

Peter. And your mother——

Henry. Why did ſhe caſt me off?

Peter. What, if ſhe have hitherto believed you dead?

Henry. Then why undeceive her?—Long ſince ſhe muſt have ceaſed to mourn my loſs.

Peter. How! would you not confer happineſs on her who gave you life?—The neſtling twitters to its mother——

Henry. Becauſe ſhe brings him a worm to ſatisfy

tisfy his hunger.—But what has my mother done for me?

Peter. She hath ſuffered much for you.

Henry. Love, hope, expectation, deſire, theſe are true life; and for all theſe I am indebted to Elizabeth.—She, then, is really my mother—with her I will ſpend my life—to her alone devote myſelf—Hope as a boy—cheriſh expectation as a youth, and fight to poſſeſs her as a man.

Peter. If your heart be inſenſible to the voice of reaſon, think, at leaſt of the paternal rights which you ſo lately authoriſed me to aſſume.—You *muſt* go with me.

Henry. You ſay, "*you muſt*"—Elizabeth ſays nothing—yet her looks ſpeak—and her only can I obey.

Peter. Young lady, I require my ſon of you.

Elizabeth. Will you bring him back again?

Peter. I can promiſe nothing.

Elizabeth. Go by yourſelf then——perſuade his mother to come hither—tell her that here ſhe ſhall find a ſon and a daughter.

Henry. Admirable thought!—Yes, father, go by yourſelf.

Elizabeth. Your Henry, meanwhile, ſhall want for nothing.

Henry. Salute my mother.

Elizabeth. And ſpeedily return.

Peter. I find I am troubleſome to you, young lady. Well, then—if your father has no objection——

Elizabeth. My father is a good and pious man.

Peter. Here he comes. Propoſe the queſtion yourſelf.

SCENE X. *Enter* CUNO *and* GERTRUDE.

Gertrude. Didn't I tell you ſo; on the left hand I ſaw her ſlide away behind a tree, and here, to the right we meet with her again.

Cuno. Aye! aye!

Elizabeth. (*running up to Cuno*) Father, the holy brother Peter is about to leave us.

Cuno. So I underſtand.

Elizabeth. But Henry muſt remain here; muſt he not?

Cuno. Henry remain here!——Why ſo?

Elizabeth. Becauſe I love him ſo dearly; almoſt as well as I love you.

Gertrude. And bawl it out as loud as your pater-noſter! Oh wicked, ungraceful child!

Cuno. Elizabeth, have you forſworn all feminine delicacy?

Elizabeth. How do you mean, father?

Cuno. You ought not to love any man but your betrothed, the chevalier Walter; and you ought not to tell even him ſo bluntly that you love him.

Elizabeth. He certainly ſhall not hear it from me.

Cuno. Henry muſt accompany his father, and you muſt remain at home in your own room till you ſhall be led as a bride to the altar.

Henry. (*Mournfully*) Do you hear that, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth. Do not afflict yourſelf—Think on my oath.

Henry. Ah! noble knight, retain me in your caſtle as your meaneſt ſervant. I will ride your horſes

horſes to water, and feed your hounds.—Dear Gertrude, ſpeak only one kind word in my behalf——I will catch ſparrows for your old cat, and clap you on the back when you have a fit of coughing.

Gertrude. My old cat catches ſparrows enow without your help.

Cuno. Go, Henry, with your father, as becomes his ſon; here you muſt not remain.

Peter. Enough, children—My hours are numbered, we muſt part.

Henry. Part!—Do you hear, Elizabeth?

Elizabeth. I will hear nothing!——I will not be ſeparated from you.

Cuno. You muſt.———Heaven proſper you, brother Peter! Your departure afflicts me ſenſibly, but who knows what Providence may have in view?——This thoughtleſs girl troubles my mind—Go, with God's bleſſing, Peter, and remember me in your prayers.

Peter. As often as I meet with a man of exalted worth, I ſhall think of your hoſpitality. Farewel! (*they ſhake hands.*) Permit theſe children to take a laſt farewel.

Cuno. Well, then, take each other's hand.

Henry (*ſobbing*) I ſee this is no joke. Farewell, Elizabeth!

Elizabeth. (*alſo ſobbing*) Forget me not.

Henry. Remember your oath.

Elizabeth. By St. Agatha.

Henry. As often as you take a walk hither, talk to me as if I were preſent.

Elizabeth. Remain virtuous—and continue to love me!

Henry. In the garden ſtands a roſe-buſh—I planted it for your ſake———water it ſometimes.

Elizabeth. With my tears———

Henry. I give you my turtle-doves———feed and cheriſh them.

Elizabeth. Yes, out of my own mouth ſhall they receive their food.

Gertrude. The poor children quite melt my heart.

Cuno. Come, Elizabeth—this is enough.

Elizabeth. Farewel!

Henry. Farewel!

Cuno. Heaven proſper your journey!

Gertrude. May all the ſaints protect you!

Peter. Oh! let us go!—this ſcene almoſt breaks my heart.

Elizabeth. (*as ſhe goes off*) Farewel, Henry!

Henry. (*with a broken voice, without looking at her*) Farewel, Elizabeth!

[*Exeunt* CUNO, GERTRUDE, *and* ELIZABETH.

Peter. Pluck up courage, my ſon—ſhew yourſelf a man.

Henry. If a man may not weep, I will not be a man. (*Elizabeth returns with a flower in her hand*).

Elizabeth. Henry, dear Henry, FORGET ME NOT*—(*ſhe gives him the flower, and runs out.*)

Henry. Ah! of what uſe is this flower to me?—To-morrow it will be withered!—(*he puts it in his hat*) Oh! that ſhe had given me a handkerchief, or a ribband; that would have been

* The Flower which Elizabeth gives to Henry, is the *myoſotis ſcorpioides* of Linnæus, familiarly called in this country as well as in Germany, "*forget me not.*" This is one of thoſe delicate touches from nature, for which Kotzebue's dramatic muſe is peculiarly admired.

more

more valuable, as a laſting relique from the ſolitary hermitage—how would I have cheriſhed it! —I would have bound it round my wriſt, or faſtened it in my hat, and thus equipped, would have ruſhed unappalled into the midſt of the greateſt dangers.——Ah! father, ſince we muſt no longer dwell among friends, would that we were already plunged amid the thickeſt ranks of the enemy.

Peter. Come on then, my Henry!—Take up thy ſtaff; the ſun is even now ſinking in the weſt: the birds begin to warble their evening ſongs. It is high time that we depart.

Henry. Would that we had already left the Alps at a diſtance!—Would that the caſtle were not ſituated ſo high, that we muſt ſee it at ſuch a diſtance!

Peter. Look only forwards:—Henry, be comforted!—Time and diſtance combined, ſoon obliterate the ſtrongeſt impreſſions from the human heart.

Henry. Oh, no, my father!—Carry me to the holy ſepulchre; tell me that on this ſtone ſat the angel of glad tidings—my eyes will ſee no one but Elizabeth.

Peter. Great things await you.

Henry. Be they great!—nothing can be too arduous for me, if Elizabeth is to be the price of them.

Peter. The path out of this deſert, perhaps, conducts you to a throne.

Henry. You mock me, father. And does one ſit eaſier upon a throne than under this apple-tree? —What ſay you? Had you your choice with the left hand to graſp a ſceptre, or with the right to draw your Agnes from her grave, which would you prefer?

Peter.

Peter. Young man, thy feelings are but the dawnings of love; but wedded happineſs is like the meridian ſun in ſummer.

Henry. Well!—my meridian happineſs will one day come—either Elizabeth ſhall be mine, or no one.

Peter. Learn to deſerve her.

Henry. Lead me to battle!—Fame or death!

SCENE XI. *Enter* BRUNO, *with a Bundle at his Back.*

Bruno. We are equipped for our journey.

Henry. Meſſenger of ill-luck!

Bruno. (*ſmiling*) I, a meſſenger of ill-luck!—Oh! if you knew, young gentleman——

Henry. Deride me not.

Bruno. I carry for you, in this bundle, the armour of a knight.

Henry. For me!—What mean you?—Speak; who am I?

Peter. (*interrupting*) It is not now the time for explanation.—Have patience, my ſon, 'till even-ing—At the Inn, where we lodge, your whole ſtory ſhall be diſcloſed.

Henry. Yet allow me one more queſtion before we leave this valley: Does my birth favour my union with Elizabeth?

Peter. (*after a pauſe*) No.

Henry. Oh! then am I miſerable.—Why did none of my anceſtors ſee a girl like Elizabeth? Love had then advanced them to the rank of knighthood.

Peter. There are no obſtacles to your union on that

that ſcore. The liſts of honour are open to you*, let us haſten forwards.

Henry. Alas! *(they proceed ſome ſteps, when Peter ſtops and extends his arms towards his hut.)*

Peter. And muſt I then turn my back on thee, dear hut, which for eighteen years has afforded me a peaceful ſhelter!—and ſhall not one grateful tear be conſecrated to thy memory!—Shame on the ſhip-wrecked mariner who could unfeelingly burn the plank which had waſted him in ſafety to the ſhore!—How many happy moments have love, hope, piety, and peace, here afforded me!——May lightnings and whirlwinds ſpare thy moſſy thatch, and may thy roof ſtill continue to afford a frequent refuge to the wearied pilgrim!—May the turtle-doves ſtill coo in the ſurrounding pines, and ſtill ſeek their food in my little garden, where no ſcare-crow has ever hung to frighten them away!—But Oh! what hand will now tend the flowers which adorn the grave of my beloved Agnes?—Agnes!—Agnes!—muſt I tear myſelf from thy hallowed duſt!——Go on, Bruno,—and do thou follow him, my Henry.——Yet for one moment—one ſhort moment, ſuffer me to indulge the feelings of my heart!———then ſhall the remainder of my days be devoted alone to Henry and to my country.

Bruno. Come on, young gentleman!—in God's name let us commence our pilgrimage.

Henry. Ah! my feet ſeem as if clogged with lead!——ſhove me onwards, or I ſhall never be able to move.

* Peter means here to inform Henry that he is of knightly rank; ſince the liſts of honour were not open to perſons of inferior birth. *T.*

Bruno.

Bruno. (*drawing a ſword from under his cloak*) This ſword is for you, young gentleman.

Henry. (*catching at it haſtily*) For me?———

Bruno. Let me carry it, it will incumber you in walking.

Henry. Old boy, if you ſhould feel yourſelf weary, I will carry you alſo.—Elizabeth! Elizabeth! I have a ſword.

[*Exit haſtily*, BRUNO *following him.*

(PETER *ſtands for ſome minutes mournfully contemplating the hut, then the apple-tree. He breaks a twig from the latter, which he puts in his hat, then walks ſolemnly to the hole whence the cheſt was taken, and ſurveys it with a fixed look; he then turns towards the grave of his wife, extends his hands in an attitude of devotion, and falls on his knees. After a ſhort and ſilent prayer he riſes ſlowly, and with reluctant ſteps proceeds onwards; but often turns and looks back till he is out of ſight among the trees.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I. *An open place at Arles, ſurrounded with Houſes. In the back-ground, the Caſtle of the Counts of Burgundy; in Front, a Cooper's Work-ſhop; before the Door,* BENEDICT *the Cooper, and his Journeyman,* NICHOLAS, *at work upon a Tun.*

BENEDICT.

YOU have rambled over the world, Nicholas; of all the places you have ſeen, tell me, which you like beſt?

Nicholas.

Nicholas. Why look ye, maſter, Arles is my native town, and I had rather drink plain ſpring water here, than the richeſt wine in any other place.

Benedict. Heaven be praiſed! we may now hope to get a taſte of wine again on a Sunday.

Nich. Ah! there's been bad goings on here for a long time.

Ben. Yes, Nicholas, and ſo there has!——verily Providence has dealt kindly with you in not ſending you home ſooner. All has been at ſixes and ſevens with us.

Nich. I was but a boy when the wicked Count Ulric murdered his good brother, Count Albert.

Ben. Murdered his brother—oh-h-h! (*a pauſe.*)

Nich. And yet the murderer has died quietly in his bed.

Ben. In his bed he has died to be ſure—but for *quietly!* (*he ſhakes his head*)—for that matter he never could go to ſleep *quietly*; and the prince that goes to *bed* of a night without doing one good deed to think of, is not likely to go very *quietly* into his *grave.* If I only ſtruck a blow with my hammer in the morning, directly there was one of the guards from the caſtle at my back——"*Maſter Banedict, his grace the Count forbids your working with your hammer, it makes ſuch a noiſe it diſturbs his morning ſlumbers.*——*Humph*, murmured I to myſelf, *can he forbid his conſcience to hammer?*"

Nich. 'Tis a wonder you were not driven out of your houſe.

Ben. Why that was pretty near being the caſe. "*Your houſe*, he ſays to me one day, *blocks up the proſpect before the caſtle.*"—"*Moſt noble count*, anſwered I, *honeſty and diligence are the inhabitants*

tants of this ſhop: would to God as much could be ſaid of all palaces!"—"*I will buy your houſe of you,*" he returned.—"*I cannot ſell it,* ſays I; *my great great grandfather built it; my father repaired it: and I was born and brought up in it.—My poor old father is blind, yet nevertheleſs he gropes about this houſe without danger, but if I ſhould carry him to a ſtrange place, he'd quickly fall down, and break his neck.*"—And what anſwer think you Nicholas the *moſt honourable* count was pleaſed to make me? "*Well, well,* ſays he, ſtroaking his beard, *and no great harm done, neither.*"

Nich. The monſter!

Ben. In ſhort, all had been over with my poor houſe if neighbour Block, the joiner, had not ſtood my friend againſt a parcel of court ſycophants; but he ſet all matters to rights.

Nich. Count Albert, God reſt his ſoul! was quite another ſort of man.

Ben. Aye, indeed, was he! always ſo kind, ſo friendly. Why he'd ſtand here by the hour together, looking at me as I was working; and if the ſun was hot and ſcorching, he would not ſo much as ſuffer me to take off my cap. Many's the good time that he has done me the honour of drinking out of my ſilver-cup.—Ah! heavens! methinks I ſee him now, walking by the houſe with his ſweet little family ſkipping about him, all taking off their caps ſo affably to every workman they met, nodding familiarly to every fruit-woman, and if a beggar aſked charity of 'em, their hands were inſtantly in their pockets to relieve the poor creatures.—Oh, it breaks my heart when I think of all the dear innocents ſent ſo untimely to their graves!

Nich.

Nich. Did none eſcape?

Ben. Not one. Ah! Nicholas, on that horrid night, I myſelf, as I ſat in this very houſe, heard the dreadful cries and ſcreams of the poor infants from the caſtle, the groans of the dying, the mournings of the ſervants, and the ſhrieks of the poor mother.

Nich. Is the old counteſs ſtill alive?

Ben. Better were it for her if ſhe were not alive.—It would not have been half ſo cruel to murder, as it was to ſpare her. The high-ſpirited lady has ever ſince buried herſelf in a convent—but huſband and children, and the loſs of her former rank never ſurely can be forgotten—indeed, as folks ſay, they are not forgotten, but ſhe thirſts implacably after revenge.—And truly I believe it. She was a *mother*—I am only an inhabitant of the ſame city, but, by God! if one of the murderers ſhould come in my way, I'd ſoon knock him into hoops for this tun. (*He works very eagerly.*)

Nich. And what ſay they of the ſon Count Ulric has left?—Is he better than his father?

Ben. He is only a boy to be ſure; but the bramble is not likely to bear plumbs. As long as Count Hugo of Werdenberg, the governor, has the care of his youth——Count Werdenberg is a worthy knight——

Nich. (*looking at ſome diſtant object*) Look, look, maſter!—how the people are running about there at the gates——

Ben. What is that to us?—Some drunken fellow I ſuppoſe.

Nich. I ſee halberds glitter!

Ben. There's nothing particular in that. The caſe is not now as it was formerly, when even the

worthieſt man was glad to get out of the way o theſe guards.

Nich. But the buſtle increaſes—it comes near er!

Ben. What can be the matter?

SCENE II. *Several Citizens run acroſs the Stage calling,* "ring out the alarum bell!"—"ring out the alarum bell!"——*Another multitude throng into the Place, among them* BLOCK, *the Joiner.*

Block. This way, this way, citizens—here—to the caſtle.

Ben. What's the matter now, neighbour Block?

Block. Neighbour Benedict, throw aſide your work!—horrible things are come out—the day of revenge is at length arrived!

The People. Revenge! revenge!

Ben. Revenge!—on whom—for what?

The People. Drag the murderers hither—let them bleed under the very windows of the caſtle!

Ben. What murderers?

Block. They have taken into cuſtody ſome pilgrims—Count Albert's ſeal-ring was found upon them.

One of the People. And the drinking cup with the arms of Burgundy upon it.

Ben. Juſt God! it was thy avenging angel ſent them to Arles!—Where are they, neighbour Block?

Block. They are dragging them to priſon.

The People. Let 'em be brought hither!—ring out the alarum bell!—(*The alarum bell is rung, the throng encreaſes every moment,—they joſtle each other—talk—ſhout.*)

Ben.

Ben. Oh joy! joy! that I have lived to ſee this day!—See, Nicholas, how theſe honeſt men ſtill affectionately cheriſh the memory of their murdered lord!—Thus do kind actions ſhoot forth like flowers from the grave of the righteous! Spirit of Count Albert! ariſe from thy tomb, and behold how the blood of thy grateful people ſtill boils for revenge! (*The gates of the caſtle are opened.*)

Several voices call. Make way for Count Hugo! —Make way for the governor!

SCENE III. *Enter Count* HUGO VON WERDENBERG *from the Caſtle—He walks into the Midſt of the Multitude.*

Hugo. What is the matter, my children?—what brings you hither?——*The people throng round him, every one eager to tell the ſtory, but nothing can be heard except a confuſed noiſe.*)

Hugo. I do not underſtand you!—Speak one at a time!

The People. Maſter Martin, do you ſpeak.

Martin. I had been two days in the country upon buſineſs; and as I was returning home, happened to ſleep at a village, three miles off. When I had looked after my cattle, I laid myſelf down with ſeveral other travellers upon the ſtraw. It was then dark, but the next morning, as ſoon as the day was dawning, I awoke, and began to look about me, and examine my companions. An old man, in a pilgrim's cloak, lay next to me; he had kicked his cloak aſide as he ſlept, and I ſaw that he had a coat of mail underneath it. Well, this you may be ſure raiſed my curioſity, ſo I examined him more narrowly, and then I perceived on his hand, a ſeal-ring, which for all the world

anſwered the deſcription I have heard given of that Count Albert wore, and which was miſſing from his finger when he was murdered.

The People. The murderer of Count Albert!—He is found! he is found!—Revenge! revenge!

Hugo. Silence! ſilence!—let us hear further.

Martin. I felt as cold as ice in all my limbs, but ſtill I was not quite certain about the matter, till I perceived, at the old man's feet, a great ſilver cup.—Moſt likely they had been drinking out of it over night, to their happy return home.—Well, I took up the cup to look at it, and behold! the firſt thing that I ſaw was the arms of Burgundy engraved upon the ſide.

The People. Enough! enough!—Bring him hither! bring him hither.

Hugo. Be ſilent, my brethren! let your fellow-citizen finiſh.

Martin. I made no more ado, but was drawing out my knife, that I might diſpatch the old villain to the other world, when he opened his eyes. Cloſe beſide him lay a ſtout looking young man, and another fellow habited likewiſe as a pilgrim. He waked them, they roſe haſtily, and very contentedly proceeded on their way to the town. I joined company with them, that I might not loſe 'em out of my ſight, and by the way, the old man began to aſk me, firſt about one thing, then another; whether the citizens of Arles ſtill thought with love and ſorrow of their good Count Albert?——Whether they hated his murderers? and other ſuch like queſtions. Alſo about you, my lord Count, they made ſeveral enquiries, and ſeemed quite rejoiced to hear that you were ſtill alive and well. When we came to the gate, I called to the guards for help; we ſearched their port-

portmanteau, and there we found, among other ſuſpicious things, ſwathes ornamented with the Burgundian arms, and the letter H, beneath an Earl's coronet.—Ah! for certain, they muſt have belonged to the poor little Count Henry, whoſe innocent blood the villain had ſpilt.

The People. Revenge! Blood!—Drag them hither!

Hugo. Ye citizens of Arles! a heavy yoke hath long oppreſſed you—ye know what miſchief an over haſty ſentence may produce, be ſlow to puniſh, inveſtigate this matter cautiouſly.—The priſoners cannot eſcape you;—hear them, and judge them coolly, that this yet ſcarcely purified ſoil may not reek again with guiltleſs blood.

The People. He is in the right!—He is in the right!—Let them be heard!—examine them directly.

One of the People. Look! look! the guards are bringing the old man hither.

The People. Hither, guards!—hither! to juſtice! to juſtice!

SCENE IV. PETER, *bound and conducted by the Guards, enters with a ſerene and ſteady Countenance.*

Hugo. Place him in the midſt of us.

One of the Guards. It was his own requeſt to be brought before the people.

A voice in the back ground. Look whether he has a coat of mail under his cloak.

(*Some of the People who ſtand neareſt to* PETER, *ſnatch off his cloak, and cry*) Yes! Yes!

A voice. Look whether he has the ſeal-ring on

his finger. (*Some of them raiſe his fettered hands*) Yes! Yes!

The People. (*With horrid ſhouts.*) Cut him down!—Tear him to pieces!—Stone him!—(*They all throng about the Priſoner*)

Hugo. (*Puſhing them back with all his ſtrength*) Guards! protect him!—Back! back, my friends!—Yet hold a few minutes!—yet hear him! Ye citizens of Arles, if ſtill ye love me, I conjure you by the aſhes of your murdered Count!

(*Some of the moſt moderate among the citizens ſide with Hugo and the Guards, crying*) Back! Back!—He has called upon the people, let us hear what the criminal can ſay for himſelf.

Hugo. Silence! Silence! I conjure you, in the name of juſtice, to let the ſcales be poiſed before the ſword be lifted! (*The people are ſilent, then Hugo addreſſes Peter*) You underſtand what heavy crimes are laid to your charge?

Peter. In vain does a diſhonorable death threaten my innocence! tears of joy will notwithſtanding roll down my cheeks and moiſten the bands which I bear with honour. Oh! with what tranſport do I witneſs the ardent love for good Count Albert, which after eighteen years ſtill glows in his ſubject's hearts! He was my friend!—my benefactor!—accurſed be his murderer!!!

The People. (*with murmurings*) His friend!—his benefactor.

Peter. Ye citizens of Arles!—ye formerly beloved fellow-citizens!—is there no one among you who recollects me? (*A murmuring noiſe, the people all preſs about him and examine his features. Peter turns to Hugo.*) Nor you, either, my brother in arms?

Hugo.

Hugo. (*obſerving him attentively*) That voice, indeed, does not ſeem wholly ſtrange to me!

Peter. Gracious powers; have age and ſorrow ſo transformed my features!—Will no one welcome home John von Bonſtetten?

The People. John von Bonſtetten—'Tis he! 'tis he himſelf!

Hugo (*embracing him*) John von Bonſtetten!—my friend!—my brother in arms! Has the grave given thee back again!

One of the people. Yes, yes, I recollect him now!

Another. And ſo do I!

A third. Aye, a noble fellow!

A fourth. The boſom friend of good Count Albert.

The People. Looſen his bands!—Bear him in your arms!—Carry him to the grave of his murdered lord!

(*The Guards unbind him.—He throws off his cloak, and appears equipped as a knight.—Then exclaims with animation*)

Peter. Yes, to the grave of my beloved Albert!—Thither, ye citizens of Arles!—There crown his only ſon as your rightful lord.

The People. His ſon!—His ſon!

Peter. Reſtrain your tranſports!——Hear me! hear the voice of a friend!——In that fearful and bloody night, when my ears were aſſailed on all ſides by the claſhing of the hired murderers' ſwords, and the piercing cries and groans of the dying—when my beloved, my honoured lord lay bleeding before me, and his elder ſon gaſped in the agonies of death, I called my wife, to whoſe care was entruſted the youngeſt ſon then in ſwaddling clothes, and bade her haſten to reſcue her treaſure.

I took

I took the ſeal-ring from the finger of the Count's dead body, and his ſilver cup from the table; and through a ſecret door eſcaped from the caſtle, with my Agnes and the infant Henry. In the thickeſt darkneſs of night, under horrible anxieties of mind, we ſought the moſt unfrequented places, and wandered on through bogs and moors, amid thorns and thiſtles, ſcarcely knowing whither we went. Yet the return of light ſerved only to increaſe our terrors, ſince it left us ſo much more expoſed to the aſſaſſins, by whom we doubted not we were purſued. During the day we concealed ourſelves in the corn-fields, and appeaſed our hunger with the unripe ears. The Almighty extended his protecting arm over your prince.—— We reached the borders of Burgundy in ſafety, and from thence I diſpatched back to Arles our only companion, my faithful ſervant Bruno, charging him to remain there, and ſecretly to watch the paſſing events 'till he could be the meſſenger of happier tidings. In a poor and ſolitary hermitage, at the foot of the Alps, I guarded the dear pledge which heaven had thus wonderfully conſigned to my care. The infant bud bloſſomed into a lovely boy—the boy ripened into a vigorous man. Ye citizens of Arles, to-day I bring him back to you—receive him and your future happineſs from my hands!

The People. (in the higheſt extacies) Where is he? where is he?

Peter. He was dragged with me to priſon.—The hand that ſhould ſway your ſceptre is loaded with irons.

The People. Haſte! haſte!—He lives! he lives!—Count Albert's ſon ſtill lives!

(*The*

(The People haſten out, ſhouting and huzzaing; only Hugo and Peter remain.)

Hugo. Am I then awake, or do I dream!

Peter. Give me thy hand, Hugo: Often on this ſpot have we ſhaken hands at parting, as we returned home from the caſtle after a cheerful repaſt.

Hugo. Ah, whither are thoſe happy times flown!

Peter. They will be revived.—My Henry is a thrifty ſhoot from the old Burgundian ſtem. I educated him as a man poor and humble.—Happy the prince who has known poverty!

Hugo. Where is thy good Agnes?

Peter. Oh! recal not mournful reflections at ſuch an hour!

Hugo, I underſtand you but too well.

The People. (at a diſtance) Huzza!! huzza!! —Long live Count Henry of Burgundy!

Peter. Ha!—they return!—Rejoice, Hugo, thou wilt ſee a noble youth.

SCENE V. HENRY *enters, ſurrounded by the People, ſome of whom bear him in their arms.*

The People. Here he is!—here is the young count!—what an eye!—how like his father!—what a ſmile!—ſo like his father!—Long live count Henry!

Some voices in the back ground. Let us ſee him too!—we cannot ſee him!—raiſe him up!—lift him on your ſhoulders!

Benedict. Here! here!—Heave him up upon my tun.

(Henry is lifted upon the tun—a loud ſhout of joy reſounds through the air) Long live Henry, count of Burgundy!!!

(Drums,

(*Drums, trumpets, and martial muſic, play on the balcony of the caſtle. Henry attempts to ſpeak; he turns firſt to one ſide, then to the other, but is unable to utter a word, and at laſt burſts into tears.*)

Several voices. He weeps! he weeps!

Henry. (*with a broken voice*) You ſee me now for the firſt time, and already you love me!—for this I am indebted to my excellent father—may his bleſſing reſt upon me!

The People. (*throwing up their hands towards heaven*) The bleſſing of count Albert reſt upon his virtuous ſon!!!

Henry. If I cannot be to you what he was, I will yet love you even as he loved you. (*He raiſes his hands and eyes towards heaven*) My brethren, unite with me in thanks to heaven for my wonderful eſcape.

The People all kneel. Thanks! thanks! to God!

A female voice is heard behind the ſcenes. Where is he?—where is my ſon?

Some of the people. His mother comes!

SCENE VI. *The Counteſs of Burgundy ruſhes upon the Stage—the People turn to her exclaiming*—"Your ſon!—Your ſon!"—*and points to Henry; ſhe preſſes through the Croud, looks wildly at him, ſtretches out her Arms towards him, and ſinks ſpecchleſs upon her Knees.*

Henry. My mother!!! (*He attempts to ſpring from the tun; the people throng round, and lift him off; when he throws himſelf into his mother's arms.*)

The people. Long live counteſs Matilda!—Long live count Henry!

(*Trumpets, drums, and other inſtruments, play again on the balcony of the caſtle.*)

Matilda.

Matilda. Am I then ſtill a mother!—Is this, indeed, my ſon!—Thou only treaſure, ſnatched from the hands of ruffians!!! *(She contemplates him with looks of the wildeſt tranſport and affection.)* Oh, all things in this world may be eraſed from the memory!—all may be forgotten! all, all, ſave maternal love!

Henry. My mother!—grant me your bleſſing alſo!

Matilda. The bleſſing of your noble father reſt upon you!—A prince muſt be bleſſed by his people, not by his mother.

Henry. I will endeavour to deſerve my people's love—and your's too, my mother!—I call heaven to witneſs my ſolemn vow!

Matilda. Now, now for the firſt time will my ſolitary cell reſound with maternal tranſports!—No longer ſhall I kneel before my crucifix to imprecate revenge; but henceforward offer inceſſantly my warmeſt tribute of praiſe and gratitude for this unhoped for mercy. Oh, with what rapture does a mother pay this tribute to the univerſal Father!

Peter. Gracious counteſs!—permit a faithful old ſervant to kiſs the hem of your garment.

Matilda. John von Bonſtetten!—How can I ever repay you?

Peter. I ſhould pity my own heart, if a ſcence like this did not repay all.

Matilda. When for the laſt time you wiſhed me good night in yonder hall, who could have thought that the morning when we were to meet again, would not dawn till after the lapſe of eighteen mournful years!—Where is your worthy Agnes?

Peter.

Peter. (*after a ſolemn pauſe*) Her morning has not yet dawned.

Matilda. I underſtand you!—Our ſon, then, is indeed the only treaſure ſpared to both!

Peter. Henry, count of Burgundy, allow me to be the firſt to ſwear homage to our new lord! (*He kneels, Henry throws himſelf into his arms.*)

Henry. Diſtreſs me not with this humiliation! —Withdraw not from me the ſweet name which my heart never can renounce! Still call me your ſon! Be not aſhamed of me, even in the preſence of a whole people!

Peter. (*claſping him in his arms*) My ſon!!!

Henry. (*With a noble ardour*) People of Burgundy! if ever I fulfil the hopes your love has formed—if I ſucceed in ſupplying to you the loſs of my noble father—to this man alone will your gratitude be due. He carried nothing with him to the deſert, ſave that of which no tyrant could bereave him—his virtue! As a child I loved him, as a youth I admired him, as a man I will emulate his example!—He is not the next below me, he is the firſt above me!—Whatever bleſſings you may henceforth enjoy, through me, they will be only ſhoots growing up from the germs he planted!—If for one moment I can forget what he has been to me!—what he ſtill is—and what he ever will continue—may heaven eternally forget me!

Peter. To produce noble fruit from a noble germ, is but a trifling merit.

Matilda. My ſon, all that I ſee, all that I hear, makes my heart proud that it was I who bore thee.

SCENE

SCENE VII. *A Number of the Populace throng with a tumultuous Noiſe out of the Caſtle-gates, bringing a Boy bound, whom they lay at* HENRY'S *Feet.*

The People. Revenge! revenge!—Blood for blood!

Henry. What is the matter!

The Boy. Oh, help me! they have bound me!

Count Hugo. (ſteps forward) Who has taken upon himſelf to bind this innocent child?—Count of Burgundy, you ſurely will not ſtain the firſt moments of your ſovereignty with an act of cruelty. This boy is the ſon of Ulric; he is your couſin.

The Boy (anxiouſly) Welcome, dear couſin!

Hugo. His father was the murderer of your's.—But the ſon muſt not be anſwerable for the parent's crimes.

The Boy. Pray, do not kill me!—I will love you dearly!

Matilda. Is that one of the deteſted brood?—Oh, how the ſight of him recalls the horrors of paſt times!—How do the graſs-grown tombs yawn once more!—The murdered corpſes bleed afreſh!—Away with him from my ſight, leſt agoniſed memory ſhould urge my ſoul to ſeek ignoble vengeance!

The Boy. (to Hugo) Why is ſhe angry?

Matilda. (looking wildly at the boy) That pious hypocritical look, thou inheriteſt from thy father!—that ſeductive, winning ſmile, is ſtolen from thy mother!

The Boy. My father and mother are both dead.

Henry. Who could injure ſo ſweet a child!—Let him be unbound.

The Boy. I thank you, dear ſir—Theſe cords hurt me ſo!

Matilda. Take heed, my ſon!—Cheriſh not a viper in thy boſom!

The Boy. Indeed I am a good boy!

Matilda. Thy brother's blood cries for revenge!

Henry. Will revenge recal them to life?—Could the effuſion of blood open their long-cloſed graves, mine ſhould flow freely; but tears only can embalm the dead. Come nearer, ſweet boy!—What is your name?

The Boy. I am called Guido.

Henry. Will you be my brother?

Guido. Moſt gladly!—What is your name?

Henry. My name is Henry.

Guido. And you will be my brother Henry?

Henry. Yes—I will be your brother!—I ſwear it in the preſence of God and my people.

Peter. Rightly ſworn, my ſon!

Matilda. Oh that he may never repent it!

Guido. (to Matilda) Pray do not be angry, madam!—You make me afraid!

Matilda. Leave me!—Time only can reconcile me to the ſight of thee.

Guido. Tell me, brother Henry, how I have offended her?

Henry. Continue to be good, and you will ſoon win her heart.

Guido. Yes, I will always be good. *(He draws him aſide myſteriouſly)* What ſay you—Suppoſe I were to give her this roſary?

Henry. Amiable child! *(He lifts him up and preſſes*

preſſes him to his boſom; the populace appear much affected.)

Peter. Henry, thy conduct calls forth my warmeſt approbation! Thou haſt governed thyſelf, and this proves thee worthy to govern others.

Henry. I claim no merit, my father!—I have only done what my heart prompted.

(*Hugo has been for ſome time ſurrounded by a number of the oldeſt citizens, and engaged in converſation with them: at laſt he ſteps up to Henry.*

Hugo. Noble count, the citizens of Arles would fain welcome you, according to antient cuſtom—they are going to teſtify their homage by ſuch preſents, as they have, for centuries back, been in the practice of laying at the feet of a new prince.

Henry. Are not their tranſports, their tears, the richeſt preſent they can offer me?

Peter. (*Half aſide to Henry*) Never deny your people a pleaſure.

Henry. Go thou, my children, and do whatever you wiſh.

The People. Come along, brethren, come to the town-houſe!—bring hither the preſents!—the old cuſtom!—the old cuſtom! (*The people all run out.*)

(*Hugo leads Guido towards the caſtle; the latter turns his head ſeveral times, and at laſt ſays*)

Guido. Will you not come with me, brother Henry?

Henry. I will be with you preſently, dear child.

SCENE VIII. HENRY, PETER, *and* MATILDA.

(*Matilda ſtands with fixed eyes and claſped hands; Henry advances to her tenderly.*)

Henry. What reflections occupy my dear mother?

Matilda. (*ſtarting from her reverie*) I—I ſcarcely know—my ſenſes are almoſt ſtunned by events ſo unexpected—I could not even pray at this moment—may the Creator then accept theſe tears, as the only tribute of gratitude within my power to offer!—I am not ill—yet ſo faint—ſo exhauſted—

Henry. Permit me to conduct you to your antient reſidence.

Matilda. No, my ſon!—I cannot yet go thither. Out of that gate did thy father's murderers drag thy mother by the hair.

Henry. Oh, do not recal from oblivion, deeds of ſo horrible a dye!

Matilda. Look at yon open window—In that hall——

Peter. In that hall, great counteſs, was your hand given to the noble count Albert.

Matilda. The walls of that hall have been beſprinkled with the blood of my poor children!

Henry. Let me entreat you, deareſt mother, to draw a veil over theſe horrid images.

Matilda. No, I cannot go thither!—Leave me, my ſon—Joy, like ſorrow, is overpowering in exceſs—Suffer me to recover myſelf! (*She ſinks upon a ſtone ſeat, at the gate of the caſtle; Henry makes a motion to follow her.*)

Peter. Hold, my ſon!—There are moments when even affection becomes troubleſome. Let me

me avail myſelf of this ſhort interval, to enquire the ſtate of your heart.

Henry. I feel indeſcribably happy, my father.

Peter. Is it not a great and glorious prerogative, to bear in your breaſt the happineſs of a whole people?

Henry. The Almighty has not created the heart of a man ſufficiently expanded, for ſuch a feeling.

Peter. And for that reaſon, the man to whom millions look up, thinks himſelf a being of a ſuperior order.

Henry. The gratitude of millions could alone juſtify ſuch preſumption.

Peter. My ſon, I predicted that you would forget your youthful fancies—Am I not right?

Henry. No, my father—you have been quite miſtaken in your predictions.

Peter. How ſtill!—ſtill——

Henry. Still, and eternally!—My love to Elizabeth burns now more ardently than ever. What the dreams of youth promiſed me, a miracle hath accompliſhed My hopes were a folly, but heaven hath had compaſſion upon my follies. My body is now habited in other garments, but my heart beats beneath them as formerly—I am ſaluted as the count of Burgundy, but I feel that I am ſtill the humble Henry.

Peter. (*in a tone of admonition*) Young man!

Henry. Cannot the ſweet feeling of conferring happineſs upon mankind, admit of participation?—Will not its charms be enhanced by participation?—May not a prince be the father of a family?—Ought he not to be ſo, the better to learn in trifles what is requiſite in great concerns?

Peter. Doubtleſs he may, and ought to be.

Henry. Did you not ſay yourſelf, that the prince who is a huſband and a father, will be more tenderly anxious to promote the happineſs of his ſubjects? He will not lightly deprive the wife of her beloved, or tear the ſon from his mother, to drag them into the field in ſupport of a conteſt, which, perhaps, ariſes ſolely from his own pride and ambition; but while he mildly invites peace to inhabit within his borders, his princeſs will twine a wreath of flowers, wherewith to ornament the welcome gueſt.

Peter. True, my ſon! And therefore I expect that you do not remain unwedded.

Henry Then let us, with all diſpatch, ſend an expreſs to Hallwyl.

Peter. And why to Hallwyl?

Henry. I have ſworn—Elizabeth, or no one!

Peter. What Henry ſwore——

Henry. The Count of Burgundy will ratify.

Peter. But it ſuits not thy ſituation.

Henry. Suits not!—Oh, recal that word!—To do wrong, is not leſs indecorous in a prince, than in a beggar; but to exalt beauty and virtue to a throne, is a princely action.

Peter. Young man, you have hitherto known few women—In Elizabeth you only love the *ſex.*

Henry. Let the daughters of the country be invited to court—I will examine them as a variegated parterre of flowers; here a gaudy tulip—there an odoriferous violet; here a ſpotleſs lily—there an aromatic carnation. But theſe will all be eclipſed by the queen of flowers, the fragrant bluſhing roſe.

Peter. (*ſmiling*) Truly, Henry, you have moſt excellent talents for a ſonnet. But, firſt hear the wiſhes

wiſhes of your people—the counſel of your mother—let theſe direct your choice.

Henry. (*goes to his mother, and kneels at her feet*) Do not refuſe my firſt requeſt!

Matilda. Riſe, my ſon!—What would you aſk?

Henry. You gave a bleſſing to your ſon—Ah! you have alſo a daughter.

Matilda. A daughter!

Henry. Amid the mountains of Switzerland lives a worthy knight—his family is noble, and not unknown to Fame—but the nobleſt of her family is Elizabeth von Hallwyl!—She is my beloved—let me add—my wife!

Matilda. Do I hear rightly?—You are married?

Henry. Not without your bleſſing—do but ſmile aſſent, and I fly to the arms of my blooming bride.

Matilda. Riſe, my ſon!—What need of my anſwer?—Thou art no longer under age.

Peter. But my Henry knows that, in the preſence of his mother, a ſon is never at full age.

Henry. I am ſenſible of that, and wait my ſentence.

Matilda. Did you not mention the name of Hallwyl?

Henry. Yes! a name in which centres every thing that is amiable and lovely.

Matilda. Chevalier von Bonſtetten, do you know the lady?

Peter. I know her well!—She wants nothing but exalted birth.

Henry. Never was a human being more nobly born!

Mat.

Matilda. Count of Burgundy!—the hearts of princes ought to be ſubject to the wiſhes of their people.

Henry. To take another wife, were to cheat my people of a mother.

Matilda. Henry, you muſt ſupport your throne by ſome noble alliance.

Henry. Virtue, if not the moſt brilliant, is the moſt ſolid ſupport which can be given to a throne.

Matilda. The rich heireſs of Savoy——

Henry. Oh! hold——

Matilda. She will bring thee an earldom as a dowry.

Henry. Without Elizabeth, I muſt renounce that which I now poſſeſs.

Matilda. She is fair and good.

Henry. (*pointing to his heart*) I have no room here for foreign goodneſs and beauty.

Matilda. Firſt prove your heart.

Henry. Is not a heart that remains firm amidſt the firſt tumults of proſperity, ſufficiently proved?

Matilda. Wait at leaſt a year.

Henry. I dare not delay—another might gain poſſeſſion of my treaſure.——Oh, if I ſhould be even now too late.

Matilda. You rob me of my deareſt wiſhes—you defeat the moſt ſplendid proſpects——

Henry. The purple is not the garment of domeſtic happineſs—a heart, without love, is cold, even beneath the ermine.

Matilda. Chevalier von Bonſtetten, give me ſincerely your opinion.

Peter. Am I to ſpeak as a man, or as a ſtateſman?

Henry. (*ſprings up and claſps him in his arms*) Speak as a father!

Peter.

Peter. Well, then!—I have ſeen theſe young plants grow up together, ſeen them entwine their roots—I cannot ſeparate them.

Henry. Oh, my father!—thanks, eternal thanks for conduct ſo paternal!—My mother, what imports this ſolemn ſilence?

Matilda. (*after a pauſe*) Eighteen years of monaſtic ſolitude have, indeed, not been paſſed ſo wholly in vain, but that I learned to diſcriminate between the ſolid happineſs of life, and its tinſel trappings. I know the tears that fall from ſincere and ardent love—yes, Henry, I ſee and I acknowledge their claim—my pride is vanquiſhed—go—and obey the dictates of your own heart.

(*Henry in tranſport embraces Matilda and Peter alternately, exclaiming*) My mother! my father!

SCENE IX. *Enter* COUNT HUGO.

Henry. (*advancing towards him*) You come in happy time, dear count!—You have won my confidence———

Hugo. You are too precipitate, my noble lord!—Confidence is not a coin, to be ſtaked upon the throw of a die—it muſt be *deſerved*, not *won*.

Henry. I will give you an opportunity to *deſerve* it—I muſt employ you as my ſuitor.

Hugo. That character will, at any rate, enhance my deſerts with your future wife.

Henry. (*ſmiling with complacency*) I ſee you cannot ſhake off the courtier, my good count, and if I am to place dependence upon you, it will be neceſſary to watch your proceedings myſelf—Yes, this is a fortunate thought!—I will accompany you—The ambaſſador of the count of Burgundy muſt be eſcorted by a numerous ſuite—I will conceal

conceal myſelf among them, in the diſguiſe of a page—will be a witneſs of Elizabeth's ſweet confuſion—will hear her refuſe her hand to the count of Burgundy, faithful to the love which ſhe has ſworn to Henry—hear how the prince's ſon ſhall vainly ſeek to rival, in her heart, the ſon of the poor hermit Peter.—All this I ſhall ſee and hear, then throw myſelf into her arms, and, with a kiſs, repreſs her cry of mingled extaſy and alarm. —Oh, happy Henry! how infinitely does thy happineſs exceed what uſually falls to the lot of princes! ſince thou wilt indeed, be able to ſay, 'tis myſelf alone, and not my purple, that the maiden loves.

Hugo. Still I cannot comprehend——

Henry. You ſhall know all in time—And when ſhall we ſet off:——early to-morrow morning!—No, the days are hot—in the evening when it grows cool—or—now, at this moment—the ſun is already declining.

Peter. (*ſmiling*) My ſon, it is yet but noon. Let this day, at leaſt, be conſecrated to your people.

Henry. Oh, the moſt joyful day for them is yet to come!—That day, when I ſhall enter the town of Arles, with Elizabeth by my ſide, when old and young will gape at us with ſuſpended breath —children, with ſmiles, ſtretching forth their hands, while they fancy they behold an angel—and old men, with pious emotion exclaiming, "Now we may deſcend to the grave in peace." ——Oh, mother! mother! (*He throws himſelf into Matilda's arms.*)

Matilda. Oh, moment of delicious tranſport! —My ſon, thou haſt renovated my youth!

SCENE

SCENE X. *A ſolemn March is played. Boys and Girls appear habited in White, and walking in Proceſſion two and two; in the midſt they lead a Lamb, ornamented with red Ribbands. Next following young Men and Women, bearing Noſegays and Wreathes of Myrtle. The Proceſſion is cloſed by ſome old Men, one of whom carries a ſilver Cup, filled with Pieces of Gold. They arrange themſelves on each Side of the Stage, as they enter; then the Muſic ceaſes, and then the old Man, with the Cup, comes forward, and addreſſes* HENRY.

Old Man. My hands tremble, but it proceeds from joy—my eyes are wet, but it is with tears of joy—Accept, noble count, according to immemorial uſage, this little preſent from our town. It is an old cuſtom, but it is a teſtimony that love to our princes is alſo an old cuſtom amongſt us.

Henry. (*taking the cup*) Your love is my paternal inheritance—What I had no opportunity to earn, I ſhall, at leaſt, endeavour to deſerve and retain.

(*A young woman approaches him, and preſents him with a myrtle wreath.*)

Young Woman. Father of your country, oh! vouchſafe to give us ſpeedily a mother!

Henry. I thank you from my heart——and before this wreath ſhall be decayed, your generous wiſh ſhall be accompliſhed.

(*A little girl leads the lamb to him.*)

Little Girl. Noble count, accept this lambkin, the emblem of our youth and innocence. At preſent it can only ſkip and play; but under your care

it

it will grow up, and, in time, yield both milk and wool.

(*Henry gives the lamb to a page, then embraces the little girl with affectionate emotion, and pours the pieces of gold into her apron.*)

Henry. Take theſe, and carry them to your parents.

Little Girl. I am an orphan.

Henry. (*leading her into Matilda's arms*) I give you then a mother—(*ſpeaks to the attendants*)—Let ſome one fetch me wine!—The cup is empty!—What my people gave me, muſt flow back among my people. Your love is the only preſent which I would treaſure in my boſom—Your hearts muſt beat in uniſon with mine. (*While he ſpeaks, the attendants fill the cup with wine, Henry drinks*) "Proſperity to my people!"

Old Man. (*wiping his eyes*) All happineſs attend our noble young count!

All. Bleſſings, bleſſings, upon him!

(*Curtain falls.*)

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Caſtle of Hallwyl.*

ELIZABETH, *alone, ſpinning—near her hangs a Bird in a Cage.*

ELIZABETH.

ART thou, at laſt, tired of entertaining me with thy ſongs, little warbler?—Why doſt thou peck ſo furiouſly againſt the wires of thy cage?—

Would'ſt

Would'ſt *thou* alſo leave me—thou, the only creature to whom I dare complain?—to whom I dare unboſom the ſorrows which oppreſs my heart?—Oh, yet ſtay with me! ſtay, at leaſt, till Henry ſhall return—for, ſurely, he *will* return! *(She ſpins, and attempts to ſing.)* Heaven knows why I cannot ſing as formerly!——My throat is not hoarſe—yet it denies me utterance!—Formerly, when I ſkipped jocund down the hill, I ſang louder than thou, ſweet ſongſter, that Henry might hear my voice at a diſtance!—At preſent, I am ſo ſilent, that I can hear the death-watch beat againſt the wall.——It warns me, perhaps, of my laſt hour.—Well, be it ſo!—If Henry does not return, this flax, which is now moiſtened with the tears of love, ſhall be woven up into my winding-ſheet.

SCENE II. *Enter* GERTRUDE, *with a large Noſegay.*

Gertrude. Be cheery, lady!—All troubles come to an end at laſt.

Elizabeth. (ſpringing up haſtily) Is Henry returned?

Gertrude. Henry!——No, no, let him go on a pilgrimage to the Holy-land, to fetch a ſplinter of the croſs—then he'll, at leaſt, be provided with a charm againſt the tooth-ache. No, no!—no Henry's now, we've got other matters to talk about. Look at this beautiful noſegay——gaudy like a wood-pecker, and ſmells like Indian ſpice. What ſay you to this, young lady?——From whom do you ſuppoſe I received it?

Elizabeth. I neither know, nor wiſh to know.

Gertrude. Well, but look at it!—only ſmell to it!

Elizabeth. My roſe is far more beautiful and fragrant.

Gertrude. Your withered roſe!—ha! ha! ha!—For theſe ten days paſt, it has never been out of your boſom.

Elizabeth. But I plucked it from the buſh which Henry planted.

Gertrude. What ſignifies that?—You'll ſoon have another ſong to ſing. Hurra, young lady!—your betrothed huſband is arrived.

Elizabeth. No, no, ſurely not ſo ſoon.

Gertrude. He is even now in the armoury, engaged in converſation with your father. In the mean time, he ſent me hither with this noſegay—"*Salute*," ſaid he, "*the noble virgin, my charming bride*"——and then he ſlipped a piece of gold into my hand—Oh, he's a noble gentleman!—Your father bade me tell you to dreſs yourſelf in your beſt clothes.

Elizabeth. Good Gertrude, pray don't teaze me!

Gertrude. Teaze you indeed!—Poor thing!—ha! ha! ha!—I ſuppoſe ſhe's quite ſhame-faced.

Elizabeth. But is the chevalier Walter von Blonay indeed here?

Gertrude. Yes, indeed is he!—Do you ſuppoſe I ſhould ſay ſo, only to tantalize you?

Elizabeth. And is come, you ſay, to take me for a wife?

Gertrude. Aye, marry!——For what other purpoſe ſhould he come?

Elizabeth. No, never, never! (*She looks mournfully out at an open window.*)

Gertrude.

Gertrude. I cannot imagine what is come to the poor girl! I am half afraid the old witch, down in the village, has done her a miſchief; that wicked hag is always after her tricks, bewitching both the men and the cattle: why don't the magiſtrates keep a ſharper look out after her? It makes one melancholy, to ſee how the poor child waſtes away; her clothes abſolutely hang in folds about her. A little while ago, ſhe uſed to hop along upon one leg; but now ſhe can ſcarcely crawl about upon two. Formerly ſhe laughed at every thing, now ſhe's continually crying and whimpering for nothing. Well, well, only patience—ſhe'll ſoon learn to laugh again, when ſhe ſees the chevalier Walter. He's grown, to be ſure, a little fat and luſty; then, his face, too, is ſomewhat tanned, and his beard rather black;—but no matter for that. How grandly he dreſſes! what a rich doublet he wears! and ſuch a bouncing plume of feathers in his hat! —The court of the caſtle ſwarms with his people; there's a power of attendants, male and female; ſuch a troop of horſes and mules, and cheſts and coffers without number. What treaſures and bridal preſents muſt they contain! The very thought makes my mouth water!—Well, heaven has, at laſt, heard my prayer, and I ſhall live to ſee the happy day, when I ſhall lead my ſweet young lady to her bridal-chamber, put on her fine head-dreſs, and——But ſhe does not hear me!—What can ſhe be looking after ſo earneſtly out at the window?

Elizabeth. Ah, dear Gertrude, do you not ſee Henry's hut down in the valley?—Alas, it is empty!

Gertrude. Why do you trouble yourſelf about

Henry's trumpery cottage, when you ought to be thinking of Lord Walter's fine caſtle?

Elizabeth. A hut with Henry!——Ah, give me but a hut and Henry!

Gertrude. Folly, dear child!—Better is better!—Nothing kills love like hunger!—But, heyday! what's in the wind now?—What, going to let the bird fly?

Elizabeth. Yes, he ſhall go!—(*She opens the cage and lets the bird fly.*) Go and ſeek thy mate.

Gertrude. Unaccountable child!——She has fed, and nurſed, and loved that bird, nobody knows how long—and now a ſudden fancy comes into her head———But, hark! I hear them coming.

Elizabeth. Heaven forbid! (*She runs out.*)

Gertrude. Lady!—Madam Elizabeth!——Lady!—Well, well, ſhe is in the right—ſhe muſt put on her Sunday clothes, before ſhe ſees the Chevalier. Bertha ſhall curl her hair, and ſhe ſhall be dreſſed in her new gown, with a long ſweeping train, and her gold chain, and—and then, no meat for ſuch as Henry, though he were "*Emperor Henry, the bird-catcher**"

[*She waddles out.*

SCENE III. *Enter the Chevalier* WALTER, *and* CUNO, *in cloſe converſation.*

Walter. If haply I be not too old for the lovely Elizabeth?

* One of the Henrys, emperors of Germany, was ſo extremely addicted to hawking, that he obtained the name of "*Henry the hawker.*" Probably it is the author's intention, that Gertrude ſhould be ſuppoſed to combine this circumſtance with Henry's offer to catch ſparrows for her cat, and thence to produce the title which ſhe here gives him. T.

Cuno.

Cuno. Too old!—What mean you, my lord?

Walter. I am paſt the years, when a man can ſing love-ſongs to his miſtreſs, and dreſs himſelf in her colours.

Cuno. My Elizabeth has no colours. She is like a blank ſhield without any device.

Walter. Again—Scarcely had I paſſed my boyiſh years, when I entered the liſts of glory, and aſſumed a crowned lion for my device. Ah, at that time, many a lovely girl had rejoiced, to have ſeen me exchange the royal ſavage for a heart pierced through with arrows. But, at preſent———

Cuno. Well, at preſent!—Are you not ſtill a hardy warrior?

Walter. That may admit of ſome doubts. In my pilgrimage to the holy ſepulchre, my frame was much battered and weather-beaten—the Egyptian ſun has burnt and wrinkled my forehead—I have loſt the uſe of my left arm, through the wounds I received from the Saracens—and from my ſkull being laid open, my head has become bald.

Cuno. Powerful teſtimonies of your valour!——the proudeſt ornaments of knighthood!

Walter. They may be ſo for a father, but the daughter is no Amazon.

Cuno. Do not make yourſelf uneaſy!——Wait here a few minutes, I will ſend Elizabeth to you, and then you may plead your own cauſe.

[*Exit.*

Walter. (*alone*) What has been ſaid by the old poets, who write of love, muſt be true; that valour becomes ſpeechleſs before beauty.—To vanquiſh a horde of Arabs, would be eaſier to me than to make love to a pretty girl!——but here

ſhe comes!——How ſhall I accoſt her?—When I was preparing for my march to the holy ſepulchre, the little Elizabeth played with the plume in my helmet—and now ſhe plays as wantonly with my heart——perhaps caſts it from her like a worthleſs toy.——Chevalier Cuno, believe me, a woman is better pleaſed with a beardleſs chin than with a bald pate.—If I cannot throw my arm around her neck, it will be matter of indifference that I loſt the uſe of it in an encounter with the Saracens.—Walter!—Walter!—take heed!—thou haſt eſcaped the chains of the infidels; if thou falleſt here into the ſnares of love, the pope's abſolution which thou haſt ſo dearly purchaſed, will avail thee little!

SCENE IV. *Enter* ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth. (with embarraſſment) Good-day to you, moſt valiant knight—my father—ſent me hither.

Walter. Then, without his commands, I might not have had the pleaſure of ſeeing you?

Elizabeth. Why not?—You are an old friend of our family.

Walter. Is an old friend, in general, equally welcome with a young lover?

Elizabeth. (with confuſion) Theſe are matters which you muſt underſtand better than I.

Walter. So, ſo!—My ſweet young lady, you are grown a head taller than when I laſt ſaw you.

Eliz. And you are grown much older, chevalier.

Walter. (aſide) Poor encouragement that! How introduce the ſubject now?—*(after ſome heſitation)* Yes! yes! time will ruſt the brighteſt armour. But you ſeem to have left off your ſprightlineſs, with your child's ſhoes.

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. Ah! when I wore my child's ſhoes, I was truly happy!

Walter. Do future proſpects, then, ſmile leſs propitiouſly upon you?

Elizabeth. An old fortune-teller promiſed me much good luck—but I fear ſhe propheſied falſely.

Walter. How?—What did the old woman propheſy?

Elizabeth. She looked in my hand, and aſſured me of abundance of love and joy; and the long line, ſhe told me, ſignified that they would endure to a very advanced age.

Walter. Well, the promiſe reſpecting love is fulfilled.

Elizabeth. Yes! but joy——

Walter. Is the bond-man of love, yet ſerves him willingly. You know, dear lady, for what purpoſe I came hither?

Elizabeth. Yes, my father has informed me of it.

Walter. I would your heart had anticipated the intelligence.

Elizabeth. So my father wiſhes.

Walter. I am, indeed, above forty years old; I cannot win you by youthful attractions, neither is my love a blazing flame, but rather a genial, equal, warmth—no brittle tinſel, but a durable compound of faith and truth. My blood is no longer all fermentation, I am a ſtranger to humours and caprices, and am the ſame to-morrow as to-day, honeſt, without varniſh. More I cannot ſay.——Now tell me your ſentiments.

Elizabeth. You are a worthy man, I cannot deceive you.

Walter. Your eyes ſpeak but too plainly: you could not deceive even a villain.

Elizabeth,

Elizabeth. If my repoſe—if your own repoſe be dear to you, take me not as a wife.

Walter. *Take* you!—No, I would have you *give* yourſelf to me as a wife.

Elizabeth. That I cannot do.

Walter. *(aſide)* I thought as much.

Elizabeth. My father will compel——

Walter. That he ſhall not.

Elizabeth. Forgive me!

Walter. Yet, tell me, how have I deſerved your hatred?

Elizabeth. I hate no man, much leſs you; I love all men, and you above many.

Walter. But, notwithſtanding———

Elizabeth. My wiſh is to retire into a convent.

Walter. Oh, do not take ſo raſh a ſtep!—However ſmall may be my worth, you will ſtill be happier in my caſtle, than in a convent.

Elizabeth. I am bound by a vow.

Walter. To whom?

Elizabeth. To St. Agatha.

Walter. Look me in the face! Is what you now ſay true?

Elizabeth. *(with heſitation)* No! it is—not true.

Walter. A vow may, indeed, bind you, but not to St. Agatha? Am I not right in my conjectures, dear lady?

Elizabeth. I implore your compaſſion.

Walter. I know not which of us has moſt need of compaſſion——Sooner could I reſign you to the cold boſom of religion, than to the arms of a youth, who will be ſo truly worthy of envy—With me, I ſee, it is all over—My ſoothing dreams farewel!—Inſtead of a beloved wife, I muſt be content with the chaplain for my companion—inſtead of the cries of children, I muſt be

ſatisfied

ſatisfied with liſtening to the yelling of hounds.—Walter! Walter! what intoxication was thine!—Had'ſt thou not waſted the moſt valuable years of thy life in a pilgrimage to the holy ſepulchre, thou mighteſt now have been the huſband of a wife, who would have ſtrewed *thy* ſepulchre with flowers.—But thou art rightly ſerved!—Why didſt thou ſeek in Paleſtine that happineſs, which love can beſtow in every clime?

Elizabeth. Dear chevalier!—It would give me ſo much pleaſure to ſee you happy——

Walter. Yes, if I can be ſo without you:—is it not true?

Elizabeth. I hear my father!—Ah, he will be ſo angry!

Walter. Would to God I had a child, even though ſhe gave me cauſe of anger!

SCENE V. *Enter* CUNO.

Cuno. Well, how ſtand matters?——Are you come to a right underſtanding?

Walter. Perfectly ſo.

Cuno. Has the girl behaved with prudiſh reſerve?

Walter. By no means.

Cuno. That was right, Elizabeth. And how do you like him?

Elizabeth. Very well!

Cuno. And are you ſatisfied?

Elizabeth. If you can be ſo.

Cuno. Yes, yes, that I am, my dear child!—I am as happy as if I were going to be married myſelf.

Walter. And that you muſt be———

Cuno. I!

Walter.

Walter. If you mean to have a marriage ſolemnized in your houſe.

Cuno. What do you mean?—but I gueſs—You are thinking of your own caſtle—But I cannot ſuffer that!—I am a poor man, it is true, but to do honour to my Elizabeth's nuptials, I will melt down the laſt ounce of ſilver.—The wedding muſt be ſolemnized here at Hallwyl.

Walter. You miſtake me.

Cuno. As how?

Walter. She will not have me.

Cuno. What! do you pretend to jeſt with me?

Walter. Nothing can be further from my thoughts.

Cuno. Did you not ſay that you were come to a right underſtanding?

Walter. Yes, certainly—and I perfectly underſtand—that all will come to nothing.

Cuno. And that ſhe had ſhewn no prudiſh reſerve?

Walter. Even ſo—but plainly told me, that ſhe could not love me.

Cuno. (to Elizabeth) And you—you caſt down your eyes———

Elizabeth. My father!

Cuno. Does he ſpeak the truth!

Elizabeth. Be not angry!

Cuno. Perverſe child!—Such a chance will not often come in your way. You are poor—a pretty face is but a ſlender portion, and you know very well that I cannot clothe you in ſilk and velvet, and carry you from tournament to tournament, to angle for hearts, and be gaped at. You live here in obſcurity—nobody ſees you, nobody knows you, my friends are few, for I cannot feaſt them; and you ought to

to thank your patron ſaint, that ſhe has ſent you an honeſt man, who does not deſpiſe our poverty.

Walter. No perſuaſion, chevalier. I ſee with pleaſure, the hop twine itſelf voluntarily round the elm; but I cannot endure to ſee it bound by man's hands.

Cuno. Pooh! pooh!—A little compulſion at firſt, and it ſoon becomes natural.—Elizabeth, prepare yourſelf—On all-hallows day, you are to be united to this worthy man.

Elizabeth. Father, I cannot!—Let me retire into a convent!

Cuno. Into a convent!—Do you mean that ſeriouſly?

Elizabeth. Yes, indeed, father!—And the ſooner the better.—There will I pray for you.

Cuno. What ſignify your prayers to me?—He who will not *act* piouſly, has recourſe to praying. I am old and weak, I have no other ſupport, no other joy, but you!—And can you then leave me? As I wept by the death-bed of your mother, as I ſobbed out, "*Who will nurſe me in my old age?*"—the angel opened her eyes once more, ſmiled, pointed to you—and expired!

Elizabeth. (falls weeping upon his neck) My father! Oh, my dear father!

Cuno. I relied upon the inſpiration of an expiring ſaint.—To ſee thee grow up, was my only conſolation; and as I felt my ſtrength decay, I always ſaid within myſelf, "*She will be my nurſe, ſhe and my grand-children—when lamed by the gout or rheumatiſm, and unable to raiſe the ſpoon to my mouth, by them I ſhall be fed, by her and my grand-children.*"

Elizabeth.

Elizabeth. (careſſing him) Father!—dear father!

Cuno. When, on account of my fidelity to my liege-lord, the count of Greyerz, I was put under the ban of the empire—when my fineſt caſtles were demoliſhed and raſed—when I was deprived of all my poſſeſſions—I thought within myſelf—the will of heaven be done—my Elizabeth is ſtill ſpared to me, and ſhould ſhe but meet with a worthy and wealthy huſband, then will I go and live with her; and ſhe will take care, that in my declining years I ſhall want for nothing.—But, alas, poor old man! my Elizabeth prefers entering into a convent, and will ſatisfy her conſcience with praying, that the ſaints may aſſiſt that father, whom ſhe herſelf deſerts.—Go, then, go—Gertrude will cloſe my dying eyes. *(He weeps.)*

Elizabeth. (violently agitated) Father, you weep!—*(ſhe turns haſtily to Walter)* Chevalier, I am your wife!

Walter. I ought not to take advantage of ſuch exquiſite ſenſibility—Yet the feelings which lead you into my arms, ſo noble, ſo pious, that I muſt draw from them ſweet forebodings for my future happineſs—If ſuch the daughter, what muſt be the wife!

Cuno. (*claſping her eagerly in his arms*) She is—ſhe is my daughter!—The bleſſing of a dead mother, and a living father's gratitude, ſhall accompany her to her new abode; and if heaven nobly rewards filial piety, it will grant her children like herſelf.

Elizabeth. Your tears, and the laſt ſmiles of a dying mother, ſhall be ever preſent to me.

Walter. (*taking a ring from his finger*) May I preſent this ring——

Cuno.

Cuno. Give it me, my ſon! *(He takes the ring, puts it on Elizabeth's trembling finger, and then unites their hands.)* The bleſſing of heaven reſt upon you, and may your deſcendants flouriſh to the lateſt generations! *(Elizabeth totters.)* What is the matter? Gertrude!—Gertrude!

Elizabeth. Do not call her!—only have patience with me!—It will be over immediately.

Cuno. Recover yourſelf—retire awhile to your chamber. *(A trumpet is heard.)* Ha! the watchman on the tower blows his horn!—The viſitors ſhall be gueſts at the nuptial-feaſt.

Elizabeth. Not to-day, my father!—not to-day!—I cannot, at this moment, receive your gueſts, as would become your daughter.

Walter. Be compoſed, my lovely bride, you ſhall ſuffer no conſtraint.

Elizabeth. I am not well!—Indeed I am not—but I ſhall ſoon be better. *(She totters on, raiſes her hands and eyes to heaven, and murmurs to herſelf)* Ah, Henry!!! [*Exit.*

Walter. (looks after her, and ſhakes his head) I cannot rejoice in my good fortune.

Cuno. Be ſatisfied!—Only allow time for the bride to drop the character of the maiden.

SCENE VI. *Enter an* ATTENDANT.

Attendant. Noble knight, an ambaſſador from the count of Burgundy halts at the bridge, and requeſts to ſpeak with you.

Cuno. From the count of Burgundy!—What would he have with me—Perhaps he has miſtaken his deſtination.

Attendant. He demanded to ſpeak with the chevalier Cuno von Hallwyl.

Cuno. And the name of the ambaſſador?

Attendant. Is count Hugo von Werdenberg.

Cuno. Incomprehenſible!—Let down the draw-bridge—aſſiſt him to diſmount, and conduct him hither. *(Exit the attendant.)* Fame ſpeaks but ill of the Count of Burgundy;—was it not he who ſlew his brother Albert?

Walter. It is reported that the uſurper is no more.

Cuno. Poſſibly.—But as is the tree, ſo is the fruit;—I do not wiſh to have any concern with his ſon.

Walter. The ambaſſader is well known to me; we have broken many a lance together in our youth. An embaſſy in which count Hugo is concerned, can be for no unworthy purpoſe.

SCENE VII. *Enter Count* HUGO, *with a numerous Suite of Attendants; among them* HENRY, *as a Page, who keeps himſelf concealed among the Croud.*

Hugo. Hail, noble chevalier!

Cuno. You are welcome.

Hugo. I entreat for a night's lodging?

Cuno. I grant it you moſt willingly.

Hugo. Do I ſee right?—Is not that Walter von Blonay?

Walter. The ſame!

Hugo. (ſhaking him by the hand) My long abſent friend—how fares it with you?

Walter. The ſun ſtill ſhines upon me.

Hugo. And with it, I hope, much happineſs!—*(He turns to Cuno)* Sir knight, I have an embaſſy to you.

Walter.

Walter. Speak with confidence.

Hugo. Henry, count of Burgundy, lord of Arles, ſends you friendly greetings, and requires your daughter, the noble lady Elizabeth of Hallwyl, as his true and lawful wife.

(After a pauſe, in which Cuno and Walter look at each other, with ſigns of great aſtoniſhment, Cuno ſpeaks)

Cuno. Count of Werdenberg, give me your honour that this is no miſtake.

Hugo. 'Tis none, upon my honour!

Cuno. Is your embaſſy, indeed, to Cuno von Hallwyl?

Hugo. To Cuno von Hallwyl.

Cuno. To the poor Cuno!—That Cuno, whom the ban of the empire has deprived of all his poſſeſſions, and who holds the laſt caſtle that remains to him, only in fief from a prieſt.

Hugo. Even to him!—Count Henry, of Burgundy, my gracious lord, deſires no other portion than your daughter's heart.

Cuno. Strange!—Still more ſtrange!—How is it poſſible your count can have ſo ardent a deſire for a girl, whom he never ſaw?

Hugo. She is no ſtranger to him—He has ſeen her frequently.

Cuno. Has he then fluttered againſt her window with the ſwallows? For never has ſhe ſet her foot beyond the borders of my domain.

Hugo. Poſſibly not—Yet he knows and loves her.

Cuno. I am ſincerely ſorry for it;—bear back my greetings to your lord, tell him I feel myſelf much honoured by his propoſal; but to comply with his requeſt, is no longer in my power; for

my daughter is already betroathed to the noble chevalier Walter von Blonay.

Hugo. You ſhock me!—Chevalier Blonay, many a time, in our youth, have you carried away from me the prize of arms, yet I repined not; but the wreath of love I cannot grant you, without the ſtrongeſt envy.

Walter. And perhaps now, I have only ſeen the buds ſhoot forth, that your hand may pluck the ſweet bloſſoms.

Cuno. What mean you by that? Do you doubt my honour as a knight?—Never has Cuno von Hallwyl broken his word, and Elizabeth now bears your ring upon her finger.

Walter. This was no more than I expected from you, noble knight, and I return you thanks. But the queſtion is not what *becomes* you, and *pleaſes* me—Your word of honour I ſolemnly give you back; Elizabeth alone muſt decide the matter.

Cuno. God only knows how fondly my paternal heart hangs upon the girl; but were ſhe capable of deviating from the conduct which I require and expect from her, I would tear her from that heart for ever. Go, one of you, and call my daughter hither.

[*Exit one of the attendants.*

Cuno. (to Hugo) Sir knight, be not offended with me—you know what honour requires, and though I cannot comply with your requeſt, you are, notwithſtanding, truly welcome to my houſe.

Hugo. Still I do not renounce all hope.

Walter. With permiſſion, ſir, how old may be your lord?

Hugo. Nineteen years.

Walter. Enough!—Youth ſhould always pluck the bluſhing roſe.

Cuno Only be reſolute, and it will yet bloſſom among your laurels.

SCENE VIII. *Enter* ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth. You ſent for me, father?

Cuno. Come near. This knight is count Hugo of Werdenberg. *(Elizabeth curtſies modeſtly.)* He o licits your hand, in the name of his lord, the count of Burgundy.

Elizabeth. You jeſt father!

Hugo. It is no jeſt young lady. Permit me to be the firſt who ſhall ſalute the new counteſs of Burgundy, as my future ſovereign.

Elizabeth. Good knight, you take me for a child. Who is the count of Burgundy?—Do I know him? Have I ever heard of him?

Hugo. He loves you ardently.

Elizabeth. How can he love me?—Has he ſeen me in a dream?

Hugo. If you cannot truſt my words, accept this trinket as a teſtimony of their truth. It was ſent by the counteſs Matilda, mother of the young count, to her beloved daughter-in-law.

Elizabeth. Does my embarraſſment divert you? —Can my good father ſuffer me to be thus trifled with?

Cuno. Sport with you!—No, Elizabeth, the propoſal is ſerious—With the daughter of Cuno von Hallwyl, no man ſhall dare to ſport. I have already ſaid what my duty required—it is your part to ſpeak now, and ſay only what your heart ſhall dictate.

Elizabeth. Ah, my father!—You know that my heart is devoted to one alone—that one is loſt to me —Dear Henry, if I muſt not poſſeſs you, even

even a throne can have no charms in my eyes!—Love for you, my father, induced me to promise myself to this worthy man, and I will keep my word. (*She gives her hand to Walter, and then turns to Hugo.*) Sir knight, tell your lord, that Elizabeth von Hallwyl is betrothed.

Henry. (*calling out from among the suite*) No, do not tell him so, good knight, for he will expire with grief.

Elizabeth. Henry! (*she faints.*)

Cano and Walter. What was that? (*looking eagerly among the suite.*)

Hugo. My part is concluded——Count Henry, you must now be your own advocate.

Henry. (*throwing himself at Elizabeth's feet,*) Away with this bauble—this crown!—Here I lay it at Elizabeth's feet. She loved the poor, the humble Henry—the humble Henry shall she recognize again, when she opens her lovely eyes.

Cuno. Heavens, what can this mean!—Do I not see Henry, the son of the old hermit?

Hugo. The son of the murdered count Albert of Burgundy, who, for eighteen years, has been deprived of his paternal inheritance, by the same barbarous uncle who deprived his father of life.

Elizabeth. (*recovering*) Henry, are you here?

Henry. Think on your oath, by St. Agatha.

Elizabeth. My Henry!

Henry. Have you thrown away my mother's trinket?—Behold where, within it, lies the flower which you gave me at our parting.

Elizabeth. Was I dead, and do I now awake in heaven?

Cuno. What mean these wonders?—And where is brother Peter?

Hugo.

Hugo. Changed into the chevalier John von Bonſtetten.

Elizabeth. (*pointing to Walter*) Father—for the love of God!—I cannot be that man's wife!

Walter. God forbid that I ſhould ſeparate ſuch a pair!—Remember me with kindneſs, ſweet young lady, and wear my ring as the memorial of a faithful friend.

Henry. (*ſprings up and falls on Walter's neck*) Take all my treaſures—ſince you leave only this!

Walter. 'Twas by love that you obtained it.

Cuno. The hand of Providence has directed all this.

Henry and Elizabeth. (*throwing themſelves at Cuno's feet*) Your bleſſing, father!

Cuno (*bending over them*) Take it in tears of joy!

The Suite. Long live the young counteſs of Burgundy!!!

[*The Curtain falls.*

THE END.

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